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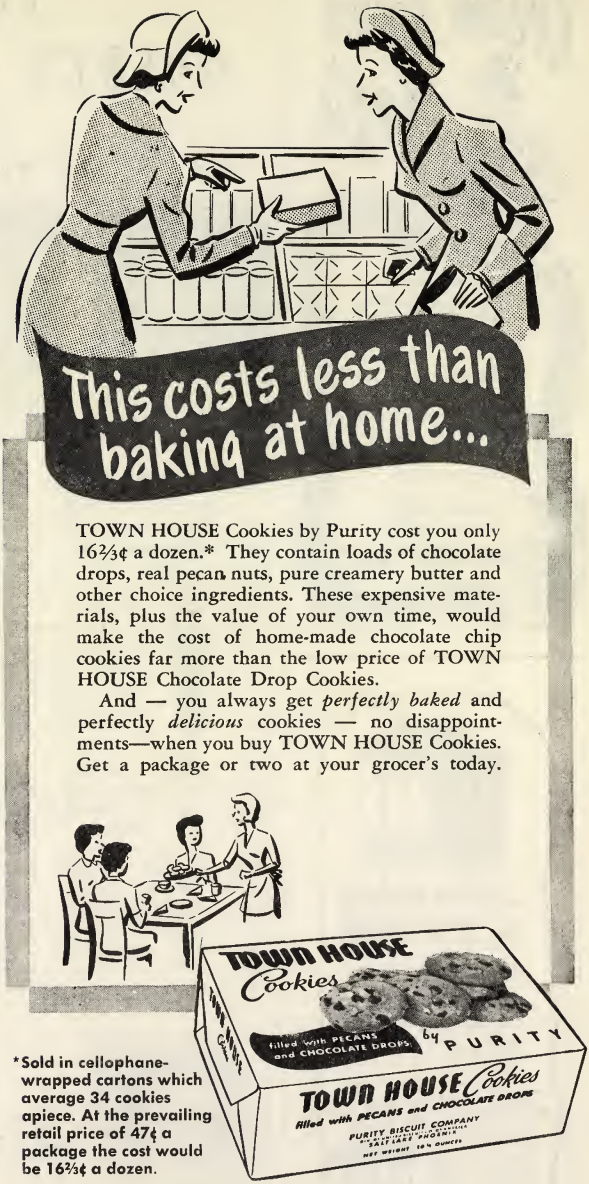
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A mother can influence the health of her grandchildren. By insuring plenty of vitamin D, extra vitamin such as from fish liver oil may be necessary, the bones will develop normally, and if a girl's pelvic bones develop normally, the grandchildren will be born without injuries, with normally shaped heads after short easy labors. The pelvic opening of healthy infants as of normally developed adults is round, but during growing years the pelvis may become flattened and oval in shape as with most white women. However, the shape of the pelvis is not determined by race or color but apparently by the amount of vitamin D during childhood and adolescence.

There is a Perpetual Ice Cave in New Mexico which has 25,000 cubic feet of solid ice buried sixty feet below the surface of a geologically recent extrusion of lava.

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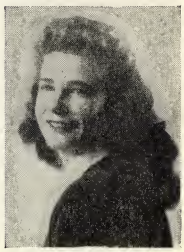
ENID



THELDA

THE Lewis R. Critchfield family of Cassia Stake, Oakley, Idaho, deserves to be proud of the record made by them individually and collectively. Four of the daughters are Golden Gleaners, having won this enviable recognition for the leadership they have displayed in their Mutual and Church activities. These four Golden Gleaner daughters have also accepted mission calls as has their mother, Zella Critchfield. Their father is stake president.





ZETTA

The family are modest about their achievements, and it took considerable effort on the part of the stake Y.W.M.I.A. president, Melda M. Hale, to ascertain the facts. Sister Critchfield filled a mission to the Central States; Thelda (Mrs. George B. Robinson) was on a mission in the North Central States Mission; Norma, now Mrs. Grant Bowen of Rexburg, Idaho, likewise served as a missionary in the North Central States Mission; Zetta returned in December from the California Mission; and Enid left October 14, to serve in the British Mission.



MRS. LEWIS R. CRITCHFIELD

Each of the girls has attended college at least two years. They have all held responsible positions in both ward and stake capacities. Sister Critchfield is in the stake presidency of the Relief Society.

The girls as well as Sister Critchfield are all musically talented. They have been widely active in civic affairs as well as in religious activities of their ward and stake. The Critchfields are also successful seamstresses and make many of their own dresses.

The example of the Critchfields has been a salutary one in the community in which they live. Other families throughout the Church could benefit from following their example.—*M.C.J.*

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Official Organ of
THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF
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THE COVER

February 5 has been designated as Scout Sunday throughout the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The spiritual values of scouting have always been first in the eyes of the leaders of scouting in the Church and the nation, as exemplified by the Scout law, "A Scout is Reverent." The young Scout pictured on the cover of this month's ERA, was photographed by George Bergstrom.



EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
50 North Main Street
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

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WORLD LEADERSHIP . . .
not World Domination

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department, University of Utah

IT IS announced in the press that the retirement of Mr. George Kennan, chief policy planner of the United States Department of State (and a young man still in his forties), will take place this coming spring.

Mr. Kennan's influence on recent American foreign policy is well-known for the doctrine of steady and constant pressure against the Soviet Union at all points, in the hope that within ten or fifteen years (perhaps at the demise of Stalin) external pressure would produce an internal "explosion" (political) within the U.S.S.R. The Truman doctrine, the Marshall plan, the North Atlantic pact—everything except our China policy (and even there we tried!)—fit into the Kennan scheme.

Continual external pressure against the Soviet is a natural and to-be-expected doctrine as the normal reaction to the "appeasement" policies of the thirties. But is it wise? It may be insufficient justification that it is anti-appeasement and that it is an offensive against the threat of communism, Soviet brand. There have been obnoxious states exhibiting obnoxious doctrines to their neighbors, and overrunning them, before 1950. After Stalin is forgotten, there will probably be other, similar, undermining or overriding threats. Is there a real clue to a sound position in the present China policy of "waiting until the dust settles"?

There is a tremendous difference between being the world's greatest power, which we probably are, and running the world, which we cannot. As a people we are unprepared for our role as a world power, let alone to (a) run everything for (b) everybody (c) everywhere. The greatest evidence of this immaturity and unpreparedness lies in the constant reminder that we must now prepare to face the tasks of world leadership, coupled with the popular response and reaction that unthinkingly and incorrectly assumes that our task is world-operation, when, currently, it is at most merely world leadership.

The leader sets a good example. He may even lend a constant helping hand. But even in American pragmatic-instrumentalist thought, even in the "progressive" notions of Mr. John Dewey, philosopher, nowhere do we find justification for the successful leader doing (a) everything (b) for everybody (c) everywhere. Perhaps to take a page out of one of Mr. Dewey's tomes, as currently exhibited in a "progressive" schoolroom where the teacher seems to be (a) letting everybody (b) do anything (c) in any way, could be suggestive for American conduct in foreign affairs.

At any given time, the world situation poses questions of fact to be grasped at and judged with caution, perspicacity, foresight, and wisdom. To respond, doctrinaire fashion, with either "global internationalism" or "isolationism" is both futile and spurious. There are fundamentals of position, geography, climate, economics, societal make-up, and, unfortunately, questions of industrial and technical power, that will always determine foreign policy no matter what kind of political views, stylish or unstylish, men hold. Over and above these fundamentals looms the fundamental political fact, given the present organization of our world into national states, that it is impossible, short of external, forceful domination, internal surreptitious penetration, outright purchase or occupation, for the government of one nation to dominate another and live in peace. This, I assume, is what we learned in China in 1945-1949.

When people therefore ask why we don't do something about China or about Peron or Franco or the Marshall plan countries, or British socialism, or Timbuktu—we might remember this forgotten fact of international life. This does not mean that we sit idly by while the world is sovietized. Far from it! It means that we, here and now, must attempt to try to learn the distinction between world leadership in the cause of freedom, and world domination, lest enthusiasm lead us blindly into the Soviet mistake, the latter role.

I have a prejudice that a nation forced to

(*Concluded on following page*)

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World Leadership

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

choose between American domination and Soviet domination might prefer the former. But I entertain a suspicion that both would be unpalatable to those dominated. James F. Byrnes' words of "patience with firmness" uttered at Stuttgart in 1946 are suggestive. To carry the "firmness" to the point of harrying, provoking, and irritating the U.S.S.R. might suggest that the Department of State, without ceasing to be firm, consider the words of an eighteenth century man. They reflect political realities often lacking in twentieth-century "scare-or-soothe" documents:

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . .

"In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded. . . . The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave . . . either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. . . .

* * *

"The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible."

The above words, attributed by some to Alexander Hamilton's keen mind, are taken from Washington's *Farewell Address*. It is a sound statement of principle. It is also for the benefit of current fashion, "internationalist" and "global." The Atlantic pact, even, can be supported from the document. But the address is also a conscious exhibit of a great political truth—given the nature of the contemporary world—that in *extending* our interests, our influence, and our commercial relations, in short what has today become our world position of leadership, we should be sensitive to the fact that politically, the jurisdiction of our government is still limited. To maintain a position of leadership based on harmony and friendship, we should have with foreign nations "as little *political* connection as possible." This little will still be *much*.

The nature and extent of this little muchness is among the great issues for judgment by the American people in these times.

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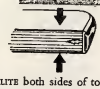
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

November 1949

27 Burl First Ward, Twin Falls (Idaho) Stake, organized from part of Burl Ward; Earle Quigley, bishop.

Burl Second Ward, Twin Falls (Idaho) Stake, organized from part of Burl Ward; Clyde Cox, bishop.

December 1949

4 Highland Park Ward, San Fernando (California) Stake, created from portions of Garvanza Ward; Thomas Jones, bishop.

Glendale (California) Stake, created from portions of San Fernando Stake, comprised of Sunset, LaCrecenta, Glendale East, Glendale West, Garvanza, Elysian, and Highland Park wards. President Edwin S. Dibble, formerly second counselor in San Fernando Stake, sustained as president, with Nephi L. Anderson, formerly first counselor in the San Fernando Stake, and Harry Brooks as counselors. Remaining in San Fernando Stake are Burbank, North Hollywood, Studio City, Van Nuys, Reseda, and San Fernando wards. President Hugh C. Smith and counselors Russel F. Dailey and Wetzel O. Whittaker, sustained. Retiring president of San Fernando Stake, David H. Cannon, served eighteen years. Elders Harold B. Lee and Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve directed the organization of the 175th stake of the Church.

9 Centennial year of the Sunday School closed, with appropriate services at which President David O. McKay, former general superintendent of Sunday Schools, was principal speaker. The centennial box, containing Sunday School mementos and lesson aids, was sealed to be opened fifty years from now.

10 Marie Stuart and Ethel Baker Callis appointed to general board of Y. W. M. I. A.

11 Capitol Ward, Washington (D. C.) Stake, dedicated by Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve.

18 President David O. McKay dedicated the Granger Second Ward chapel, North Jordan Stake, Salt Lake County.

Milford First Ward, Beaver (Utah) Stake, created from portions of Milford Ward; Clarence E. Tuttle, bishop.

Milford Second Ward, Beaver (Utah) Stake, created from portions of Milford Ward; Carlyle F. Gronning, bishop.

21 President Stayner Richards of Highland (Salt Lake City) Stake, appointed president of the British Mission by the First Presidency, succeeding President Selvoy J. Boyer, who has presided in London since May 1946.

President Lucian Mecham, Jr., of Mesa (Arizona) Stake, appointed president of the Mexican Mission by the First Presidency, succeeding President Arwell L. Pierce who has presided there since August 1942.

Mormons Bog (Danish-Norwegian Book of Mormon), announced as being off the press in a new translation. This is the sixth edition of the Book of Mormon in that tongue.

23 Memorial services held in the Assembly Room, Church Administration building, on the 144th anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

25 Elder Stephen L Richards of the Council of the Twelve spoke to the title "The Great Day of Giving" on the "Church of the Air" of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

28 Microfilming of Church records began at the Church historian's library. It is expected that the membership records will be filmed first, followed by manuscripts, and then by rare books, in the project which it is believed will last two years.

31 Y. W. M. I. A. enrolment for 1949 was announced as 100,675 as follows: stake and mission boards 5525, ward boards 19,913, Special Interest groups 20,797, Gleaner Girls 15,571, Junior Girls 12,854, and Bee-Hive Girls 26,015.

Visitors on Temple Square, Salt Lake City, totaled 1,046,000 for 1949.

The receipt of a thirty-inch high Meissen vase from the women of the Swiss-Austrian Mission was announced by the Relief Society general board. The vase, which was made in 1830, the year of the organization of the Church, will be placed in the planned new Relief Society building.

January 1950

1 President George Albert Smith dedicated the L. D. S. Institute of Religion adjacent to the University of Utah campus, Salt Lake City.

ALL-CHURCH M MEN BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

to Be Held March 1, 2, 3, and 4

Plans for what is expected to be the biggest all-Church M Men Basketball tournament in history are nearing completion. Dates of the tourney are March 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Because of the growing popularity of the annual cage classic, the final two nights of the tournament will be held in the University of Utah field house. This will enable more than twice as many fans to attend the tournament on these two nights. The first two nights will be held in the Deseret Gymnasium.

Play-offs in the thirteen M Men divisions are scheduled for the early weeks of February. Winners of each division qualify for the all-Church tournament. The other three teams to make up the sixteen team bracket will be chosen after play-offs among the runner-up clubs of the larger divisions. Each player in the tournament will be presented with a gold participation medal, and other special awards will be made.

Marvin J. Ashton is chairman of the athletic committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. general board. Committee members in charge of the event are Dale Curtis, Verl F. Scott, Walter Woffinden, Dick Collett, and Parry Sorensen.

(See page 85)

"Who said you can't teach an old dog New Tricks?"



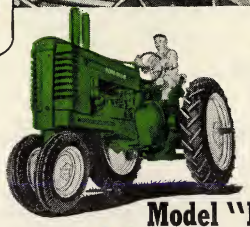
Put an "old-timer" behind the wheel of a modern John Deere Tractor for the first time. Show him the Powr-Trol lever that controls equipment *hydraulically* and let him make a few rounds. He'll come back, grinning from ear to ear, with one enthusiastic comment—"Who said you can't teach an old dog New Tricks?"

Everywhere, farmers are taking to Powr-Trol like a duck takes to water. And no wonder, *for it's the greatest contribution to easier, faster, better farming made in recent years.*

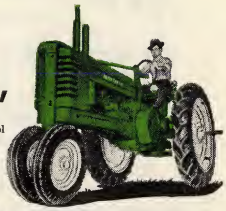
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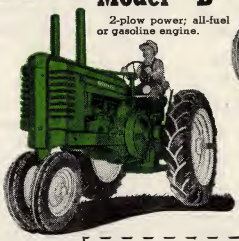
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JOHN DEERE

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NEW APPOINTEES TO M.I.A. GENERAL BOARDS



ETHEL BAKER CALLIS

ETHEL BAKER CALLIS was born in Mercur, Utah, the daughter of A. S. Baker and the late Margaret M. She received her training in the Stewart Training School, the University Preparatory School, and the University of Utah, where she received her A.B. degree with a major in public speaking. She has done graduate work in the University of California at Los Angeles and University of Southern California and is now completing work for her master's degree from the University of Utah, where she is also teaching.

She has been active in professional theater work, running a little theater with her husband in El Paso, Texas, being associated with the Moroni Olson players, the Henry Duffy group in San Francisco and Long Beach, and the Ben Erway-Gladys George company in Salt Lake City. She has appeared in many University Theater plays, and won the outstanding player award for her characterization of Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes. She is a member of Theta Alpha Phi, national dramatic fraternity, and Zeta Phi Eta, national speech fraternity.

Mrs. Callis has also done personnel work, serving the J. C. Penney Co., the Veterans' Administration, and handling problems of movie extras. She also did social case work for a time in Los Angeles. She organized and is directing a course in human relations and personality development at Henager's Business College, Salt Lake City. Furthermore, she has done radio work for the past eight years in Salt Lake City and prior to that time in Hollywood.

Mrs. Callis' activities in the Church have included that of Sunday School teacher and counselor in the Junior Sunday School in Wilshire Ward, California, teacher in the Tenth and Ivins wards' Sunday Schools, stake board member of the Wells Stake Sunday School, and counselor in the Ivins Ward Y.W.M.I.A.

Mrs. Callis, whose husband has passed away, is the mother of two daughters. The elder, Mrs. E. C. Wimmer, lives in Salt Lake City, and the younger, Margaret, is attending high school in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Callis has been assigned to the drama committee of the general board.



MARIE STUART

MARIE STUART, a daughter of Ella M. and the late Alba Airmet Stuart, was born in Rockford, Illinois, while her mother was on a visit to her parents. Miss Stuart made her home in Preston, Idaho, for sixteen years (where she completed her grammar school education) prior to moving to Salt Lake City.

A graduate of Latter-day Saint University, she attended the University of Utah for two years to obtain her teaching certificate for the grammar grades. Since that time she has continued her studies through extension classes and summer schools to her B.S. degree.

Sister Stuart has served as secretary of the American Childhood Education Association. She has taught school in Sevier County, Granite district of Salt Lake County, and is now a teacher in the Salt Lake City school system.

Her Church work has consisted of teaching in the East Ensign Ward Sunday School, of taking charge of the two-and-a-half-minute talks for that organization, and also of being a stake Sunday School board member of Ensign Stake, a position from which she was released when she received her general board appointment. Miss Stuart has also been a Special Interest director in East Ensign Ward, and for a year was assistant ward clerk of the same ward.

Miss Stuart has been assigned to the Special Interest department of the general board.

THREE MORE BOARD MEMBERS NAMED

Fred A. Schwendiman, Elvis B. Terry, and Richard S. Tanner have been appointed to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Elders Schwendiman and Tanner are residents of Salt Lake City, and Elder Terry resides at Orem, Utah.

Elder Schwendiman is assigned to the M Men committee, Elder Terry to the music committee, and Elder Tanner to the athletic committee.

Pictures of these brethren together with biographical sketches will appear in the March IMPROVEMENT ERA.



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Swept Autumnward

By BERTA HUISH CHRISTENSEN

THEY are betraying love who only sing
Its springtime fire in the heart still young,
And leave its embered radiance unsung.
Impassioned syllables that kiss and cling
Upon the lips to bless the nuptial vow
Will fade as blossoms fade that quickly pass
Into the silent tapestry of grass,
Swept autumnward beyond the petaled bough.
Yet they may kindle in the heart a flame
Of stength, enduring as its shared belief,
The glowing embers, warm against all grief,
Still as the quiet calling of a name.

I know, for I have watched through memoried years
The taper light, unwavering, that lies
Constant and wisdom-warm within his eyes.
And I have felt above the weight of tears,
Faint as a leaf fall in the autumn blue,
His reassuring touch upon my arm.
Tender, though passion free, it is more warm
Than any fire that the springtime knew.
They are betraying love unto the young
Who leave its embered radiance unsung.

Poetry

ADVANCE SHOWING

By Elaine V. Emans

THE north wind blew the lad inside the door,
And he was glad of it, because his jacket
Was low in storm-resistance, while he wore
No mitten on the hand that held a packet
Of flower seeds to sell me if he could!
But when we closed the door, we shut away
The snowy winter afternoon and stood
Knee-deep among petunias, and gay
Snapdragons, marigolds, and rainbow phlox,
And giant zinnias, and four o'clocks.
And I gave all the change my cupboard had
To buy the packets from the bright-eyed lad,
And wished that it were more, for, with the seed,
He left the voucher for the spring I need.

GRAY

By Lael W. Hill

GRAY is a gentle color;
Gray days are gentle days
Whose quiet, kindly hours
Have quiet, soothing ways.

Gray is a restful color
When brilliant moments pall—
Apart from any other,
Encompassing them all,

For gray beyond the twilight
Knows violet its own,
And indigo lies hidden
Within gray monotone.

The gentle soul knows, surely
As shadow grays with night,
That blue is gray dawn early—
Silver is gray grown bright.

"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD . . . "

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

I sought one word to guide my heart
That crystallized this perfect life,
To temper happiness, to chart
The buffetings of toil and strife.

Could it be majesty or power,
Or friendliness or sympathy,
Or courage equal to the hour,
Compassionate divinity?

"In the beginning was the Word" . . .
I read the record; heaven above
Had known that Jesus would be heard
And symbolized by one word, "Love."

POETIC HOMEWORK

By Thelma Ireland

I would like to write a poem
But I'm busy; muse is mute,
So I'll make a housewife's poem
Out of pie dough and some fruit.

BEQUEST . . .

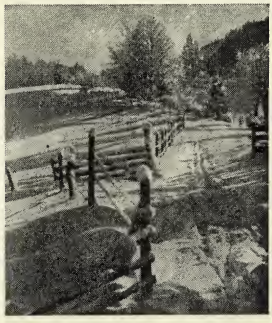
By Georgia Moore Eberling

MY country is not merely "rocks and rills,"
Although I love each mile of rolling plain,
Its lakes and rivers and the purple hills
That gleam in silver-satin after rain.
My heritage is Jamestown; and the men
Who left their bloody footprints in the snow
At Valley Forge; and those who rallied when
Rebellion's hurricane began to blow;
Those boys who sailed away to find no more
Their gay, lost youth, who laid their young lives down
At barren outposts on foreign shore
Forever to be gems in freedom's crown.
This is the rich bequest they left to me:
The will to live, or die, for liberty.

HERE BEAUTY MAY BE FOUND

By Julia W. Wolfe

BEAUTY is found in unsuspected ways:
Within some knotted hand that labors long
For duty's sake; upon the wrinkled brow
Of one who speaks no word through all his days
Of beauty's presence; but, at evensong,
Makes home a very heaven, he knows not how.
We have discovered beauty wrapped in pain
And veiled with sorrow's measureless despair.
Beauty is love's remembrance, we know,
And though words that love spoke long ago,
Their beauty stays and dwells in quietness;
We hear their music when the sun is low,
And rainbow colors flood the evening sky,
Holding the world in silent loveliness.
And, when the purpose of this life is done,
Shall not the soul adventure wider spheres,
Finding that beauty has but now begun
To show the face hid through all the years?



—Photograph by Keystone View Co.

PROMISE

By Inez Clark Thorson

HERE in this winter-prisoned ground
There is a subtle stirring,
More of promise than of sound,
More of primal urge to rise
After the long sleep.

This, God's promise unto men—
That after the long waiting
Light will follow dark again,
Flame break through the ash once more—
Life will conquer death!

REVERIE

By Frances P. Reid

I LOVE this western land of mine,
For vistas spread before my eye
Of verdant meadows lush with grain;
Dense clumps of poplars bending nigh
To touch the roofs of homes and barns;
For willow-banked canals that wind
Like gentle serpents through the plain;
For canyons lashed by fury blind;
For snowy peaks forever swathed
In cloud-spun drapes and pristine snow;
Forever there, they beckon me—
A lowlander who yearns to leave his hoe.
I love the silence of the desert;
To smell the sage wet down by rain,

To bask in unrestrained sun
Or glimpse the cacti blooms again.
I love the rise or drop in land
That lets our town seem neighbor
To twinkling lights of others miles away
And draws us close like ships in harbor.

Within this land there lies a strength
But lately won through turbulence,
A peace that stills unquiet minds,
An awesome beauty all can sense.

MY TEACHER

By Opal Tanner

IN her brown eyes you will find
The wisdom
Of the ages.
Her voice is but a whisper,
Gentle as the evening breeze.
She had shown me new horizons.
Opened wide
For me the world,
Started me upon a new path;
Where it leads
I do not know.
Would that I could have her hand
Gently guiding, deftly steering
As I stumble here and there.
For the path is steep
And rocky,
And I fear that I shall falter
Long before I reach the top.

WINTER THE GOAD

By Katherine Fernelius Larsen

TERRIBLE, the beauty that lies in frost
Sparkle—snow whiteness; Death
Gripping the throat of Life; yet beauty not lost
In the wild lovely order of the world. I say that breath,
That life quickens the more for just that sting:
That all grows lovelier from the lash still quivering.



PERPETUATING LIBERTY

WE HAVE come again to the month which marks the birth of two of America's great patriots. We are fortunate in having our freedom, and it is deeply gratifying to me to have the conviction that our Heavenly Father is interested in us, and in our government, and has been since the beginning.

Man is affected by good and evil influences, and there are in the world two powers that tend in opposite directions. Surely we would not wish to depart from the advice and counsel of our Heavenly Father, and follow those philosophies that would lead us to destruction.

Knowing that the Lord prepared this land that it might be a haven of liberty for those who dwell here, and understanding that he desires a continuation of those conditions that the builders of this republic contended for, we who are members of his Church ought, in every possible way, to assist in perpetuating that liberty.

More than a century ago this word came to this people from our Father in heaven:

> And now, verily I say unto you concerning the laws of the land, it is my will that my people should observe to do all things whatsoever I command them.
>
> And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me.
>
> Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land;
>
> And as pertaining to law of man, whatsoever is more or less than this cometh of evil.
>
> (D. & C. 98:4-7.)

In other words, if we fail to sustain the constitutional law of the land we have transgressed the will of our Heavenly Father.

> I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free.
>
> Nevertheless, when the wicked rule the people mourn.
>
> Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil.
>
> (*Ibid.*, 8-10.)

When the Constitution of our country is assailed, openly or subtly, by those who have no understanding of the purpose of God regarding this great country, it behooves those who do understand to consider seriously and faithfully the benefits that will flow to us by honoring and sustaining the principles of government that were divinely established.

We are a peculiar people in many ways, and in this particularly are we peculiar, in that we believe that the Constitution of the United States was inspired by our Heavenly Father, and he has told us that he raised up the very men who framed the Constitution of the United States. Knowing that, we should not be led astray by the fallacies of individuals who would

(Concluded on following page)

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undermine that which our Heavenly Father has prepared for the people of this land.

In a very early day in the Church our people promulgated these principles with reference to the law of the land and the purpose of government. The statement of these principles is preserved in Section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants and is worthy of our reading and re-reading.

There is only one way whereby we may enjoy peace and happiness, and that is by observing the law of our land, and by sustaining the principles embodied in the Constitution which was inspired by our Heavenly Father at the inception of this great government. So, as Latter-day Saints, we may know that no man is a faithful member of this Church who lends himself in any way to break down that organized system of laws that has been prepared for the good of all mankind.

The Lord directs that we seek after good men and great men, and that we pray for and sustain them, in order that the laws that are enacted for our government may be such as he would be pleased to indorse.

When we choose those who will enact and enforce the laws of the nation and the states, we have the word of our Heavenly Father that we should select men of honor, and that the franchise that we are blessed with should be exercised in the interest of orderly government and in the interest of the perpetuation of a system of laws that shall continue to bring peace and freedom to all.

This nation was established under divine guidance, as part of our Father's plan whereby men may enjoy freedom, and where all faiths and beliefs and doctrines may enjoy liberty and be amenable to the law of the land; and where no group of individuals may array themselves against the rights and privileges of their fellows.

The Lord himself said:

> . . . for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood. (*Ibid.*, 101:80.)

I say to you: Sustain the Constitution of the United States, and let not our voices be heard among those that deride or would violate the Constitution that is so important for us and for all men.

I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for his advice to us that we support the Constitution of the United States and maintain the liberty that we enjoy under it.

Whence Came the TEMPLE ENDOWMENT?

By John A. Widtsoe OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

CXLII

It was inevitable that those who have sought to destroy the truth of the Prophet Joseph Smith's message would misinterpret the temple endowment. They have set up the theory that Joseph Smith merely adapted the temple conception and ritual from the rituals of fraternal, secret organizations.

The charge that the temple endowment is so derived is not confirmed by the evidence at hand.

First, almost from the organization of the Church, Joseph promised the people a higher endowment, a continuation of that received in baptism. It was to be a gift bestowed upon those who had attained a greater maturity in gospel life.

To this end the Kirtland Temple was hurried to completion in 1836, though amidst much toil and sacrifice. Then, at the dedication, some ordinances were given preparatory to the fuller endowment to come. There was nothing new about temple work when it came in its greater completeness. It was expected.

Second, on January 19, 1841, when Joseph Smith had not yet belonged to a fraternal organization, he recorded a revelation which explains in general outline the temple ritual. It says:

"For there is not a place found on earth that he may come to and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fulness of the priesthood. . . .

"Therefore, verily I say unto you, that your anointings, and your washings, and your baptisms for the dead, and your solemn assemblies, and your memorials for your sacrifices by the sons of Levi, and for your oracles in your most holy places wherein you receive conversations, and your statutes and judgments, for the beginning of the revelations and foundation of Zion, and for the glory, honor, and endowment of all her municipals, are ordained by the ordinance of my holy house, which my people are always commanded to build unto my holy name. . . .

"For I deign to reveal unto my church things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times.

"And I will show unto my servant Joseph all things pertaining to this house, and the priesthood thereof, and the place whereon it shall be built."[1] From the pulpit the Prophet announced thenceforth the building of the temple and the work to be done therein for the living and the dead.

On May 4, 1842, he administered the temple endowment in rooms in the upper story of his brick store, improvised for the purpose.[2] All the while, before and after, he gave instructions concerning the temple to be built and the endowment therein to be given.

Third, many of the men who joined the Church were brethren in fraternal circles, such as Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, Heber C. Kimball, Newel K. Whitney, George Miller, Austin Cowles, John Smith, Elijah Fordham, and others. Nowhere can a word be found from these many men indicating that they placed temple work in a class with the ritual of the fraternal orders to which they belonged. Had there been such, some of these men would have mentioned it, for not all remained true to the Church.



Fourth, that there are similarities in the services of the temple and some secret organizations may be true. These similarities, however, do not deal with basic matters but rather with the mechanism of the ritual. Moreover, they are not peculiar to any fraternity. They are used and have been used by people throughout the centuries. They belong to the common heritage of mankind. Joseph Smith had the right to employ such commonly used methods and symbols without being charged with plagiarizing from any particular group. The Prophet taught baptism by immersion; but none so far has held that he purloined that type of baptism from the Baptists. Immersion comes down the ages from the days of Jesus Christ and before. The beginnings of such practices are lost in the mists of antiquity.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

An Answer to the Questions of Youth

The temple ritual is essentially symbolic. Its ordinances are not only ancient but also represent profound truths. They may be widely used by others than Latter-day Saints, but they do not have the same meaning in all organizations.

Fifth, women as well as men receive the temple ritual. Only a man and a woman together can receive the highest blessings of the temple. Usually, perhaps always, men only receive the rituals of the many manmade secret societies. The women form auxiliary organizations.

Sixth, there is a great difference between the objective of temple work and those of the many secret organizations, though they no doubt have high ideals of living.

In the temple endowment the final ideal is that by obedience to God's law man may be in association with God. The endowment has the promise of eternal growth, of endless blessings. This is not the ordinary objective of a man-made secret society.

Seventh, finally it may be said that the temple endowment is not secret. All who meet the requirements for entrance to the temple may enjoy it. Since it is sacred, it is not bandied about the streets or in gossiping parlors. It is, in outline: the story of man's eternal journey; instructions to make the endless journey increasing and progressive; covenants that we will so live as to make the journey an upward one; a warning that sometime we shall be called upon to show whether we have kept our covenants; and, the great reward that comes to the faithful and the righteous.

Every member of another organization will know whether this is like his fraternity ritual.

Many members of secret societies have joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They have been faithful to their covenants. But as they have come to the temple of the Lord, they have said, in the words of one former member, "Secret societies have nothing to teach the Latter-day Saints."

Carefully and intelligently studied, the proposition that the Mormon endowment was built upon secret fraternal rituals cannot be accepted by any thoughtful person.

Joseph Smith received the temple endowment and its ritual, as all else that he promulgated, by revelation from God.

[1] D. & C. 124:28, 39, 41-42
[2] *History of the Church*, Volume 5:1

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH: *An* INSTITUTION



LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

EDITOR'S NOTE

It was forty years ago last January 23, that President Levi Edgar Young was set apart as a member of the First Council of the Seventy of the Church. He had been sustained during the October 1909 conference, and Elder John Henry Smith of the Council of the Twelve set him apart in New York, where President Young was following academic pursuits. President Young had already accomplished much in his life as teacher in Utah and missionary for the Church, going to Europe in 1901 as a missionary, and presiding over the Swiss Austrian Mission from 1902-04.

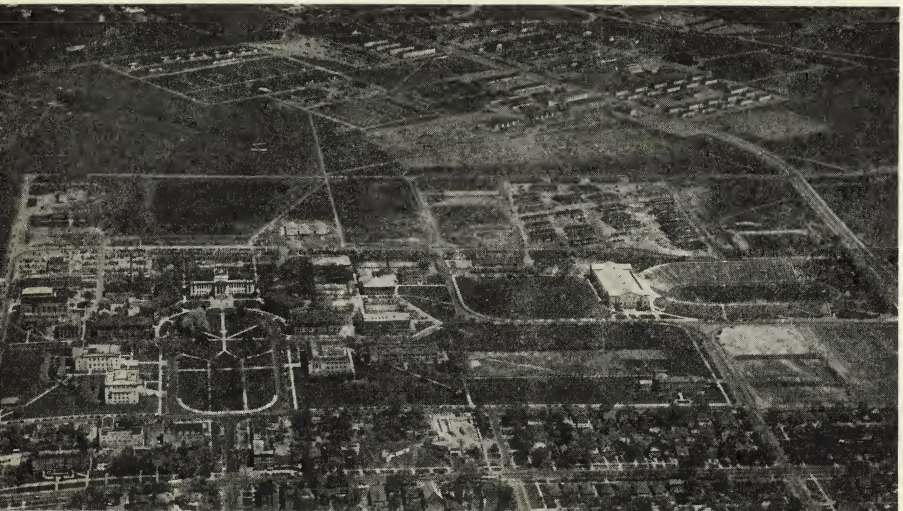
As a student among students, he rose as a faculty member of the University of Utah, serving for many years as professor and head of the department of western history. More recently he presided over the New England States Mission. He became senior president of the First Council of the Seventy on the death of President Rulon S. Wells in May 1941.

President Young celebrates his seventy-sixth birthday on February 2.

DANIEL TYLER, in his *History of the Mormon Battalion,* tells about a book that was extensively read by the pioneers while in their camps in Iowa during the winter of 1846. The people had crossed the Mississippi River on the ice at the beginning of their exodus to the Far West, and had begun their march in midwinter. The cold was intense, and "they moved," says Tyler, "in the teeth of keen-edged northwest winds, such as sweep down the Iowa peninsula from the icebound regions of the North." Nine children were born the first night in the snow and icebound camps. "After days of fatigue, their nights were often spent in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing." One of the company had a book entitled *Elizabeth,* or the *Exiles of Siberia,* by Marie (Sophie) Cottin, published in 1805. It was a popular story in that day and was so sought after that some read it from the wagons by moonlight. With all their suffering, "the people sang their songs of Zion as they sat around the fires and passed along doxologies from front to rear when the breath froze on their eyelashes."



THE JOHN R. PARK MEMORIAL BUILDING ON THE PRESENT UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH FROM THE AIR

CHANCELLOR ORSON SPENCER



THE pioneers of Utah were readers of books . . . and the library of their fledgling university was possibly the finest ever collected in pioneer America.

That Grew from the Ideals of the People

* * *

By LEVI EDGAR YOUNG
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

The pioneers of Utah were readers of books. Many of them had received some kind of training in the frontier schools of America. Orson Pratt was a college graduate, as was Orson Spencer. Dr. Willard Richards had his medical degree from a noted university; and nearly every family who crossed the plains carried the Holy Bible, which recalls the great saying of John Ruskin, "He who reads the Bible becomes an educated man." As the people began to build their homes, they also built meetinghouses where the schools of the villages and towns might be housed. Every child of Utah knows the story of Mary Jane Dilworth—how she opened a school in the Old Fort in October 1847. The pupils met in an old tent, shaped like an Indian wigwam, and there she taught the children until the winter snows came. Even when it was very cold, the little children came to her and huddled in the tent, while outside at the entrance a fire was kept up, for the burning sagebrush was very warm. Whenever a group of Latter-day Saints went into the valleys both north and south of Salt Lake City, schools were always opened, and good teachers put in charge of them.

Soon after the organization of the provisional government of the State of Deseret, in 1850, Governor Brigham Young signed an act, passed by the first legislative assembly, incorporating the University of the State of Deseret. This was February 28, 1850, and reads in part:



THE HUMBLE BEGINNING, AS SKETCHED BY MAHONRI M. YOUNG

Section I: Be it ordained by the General Assembly of the State of Deseret: That a University is hereby instituted and incorporated, located at Great Salt Lake City, by the name and title of the University of the State of Deseret.

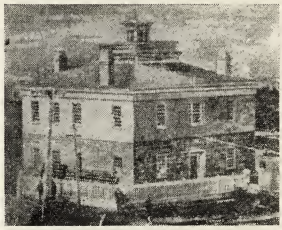
Section II. The powers of the University shall be vested in a Chancellor and Twelve Regents, the number of which regents shall be increased when necessary, who shall be chosen by the joint vote of both Houses of the General Assembly, and shall hold their office for the term of four years, and until their successors are qualified.

Section III: The Chancellor shall be the chief Executive officer of the University, and Chairman of the Board of Regents.

The University of Deseret, or the "parent school" was opened in the home of John Pack in the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City, November 11, 1850. *The Deseret News* of November 16, says:

The parent school commenced on Monday last at Mr. Pack's home, under the tuition of Mr. Collins. The object of the parent school is to qualify teachers for the District or Ward schools, and then for a higher order of schools, as fast as possible, that there may be a uniformity in the method of teaching throughout Deseret. We understand that the parent school already commenced is designed for gentlemen, and that as soon as a room can be prepared, another school, similar in its object and characters will be instituted for ladies.

(*Continued on following page*)



THE COUNCIL HOUSE—HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY IN 1851 AND FROM 1856 TO 1876



MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DESERET

Presidents of the University

DAVID O. CALDER | JOHN R. PARK | JOSEPH C. KINGSBURY | JAMES E. TALMAGE | JOHN A. WIDTSOE | GEORGE THOMAS | LE ROY E. COWLES | A. RAY OLPIN



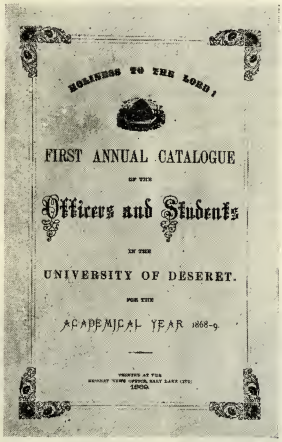
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

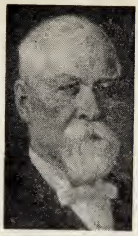
(*Continued from preceding page*)

We recommend every man who has any design ever to keep a school, to enter the parent school, and prosecute his studies in such a manner as to prepare him for his intended labors; and should there not be enough to occupy all the room, let the young men, middle aged, old men, and all men, married or unmarried, who do not know too much to be taught, come forward as speedily as possible and fill the house, keep the teacher busy, and give him a chance to earn his money. Mr. Collins appears to be well qualified to instruct in any branch of science, which needs to be taught in the parent school, and is very familiar in his communications, and affable in manners, and we confidently anticipate he will be enabled to give great satisfaction to his patrons. Mr. Collins and pupils have our best wishes.

In the same issue, the *News* announced the arrival of schoolbooks, which were brought across the plains by Wilford Woodruff. The Pack house was situated on the corner of West Temple and First North immediately east of the present Seventeenth Ward chapel.

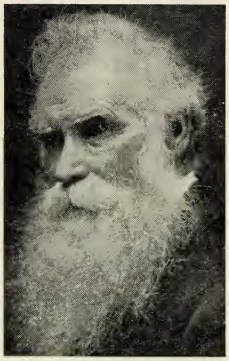
The legislature, with the approval of the governor, appointed the following regents: Daniel Spencer, Orson Pratt, John M. Bernhisel, Samuel W. Richards, W. W. Phelps, Albert Carrington, William I. Appleby, Daniel H. Wells, Hosea Stout, Robert L. Campbell, Elias Smith, and Zerubbabel Snow. At a subsequent meeting, Governor Young announced that he had





W. W. RITER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS IN 1919, WHEN THE MAGNIFICENT PARK BUILDING WAS DEDICATED

picked out a site immediately east of Salt Lake City for the location of the university. A short time after, the city council of Salt Lake passed an ordinance designating the east bench as grazing ground, particularly to be used by those who worked on the wall that was to surround the new campus. The first report of the regents says that the territorial treasury had given $4,589.14 for the university and primary schools, and from subscriptions and donations the amount had been increased by the winter of 1851 to $7,948.08.



ORSON PRATT

The second term of the University or Parent School began Monday, February 17, 1851, in the upper room of the State House, afterwards known as the Council House. Orson Spencer, the chancellor, and Regent W. W. Phelps were the instructors. The school had forty students. The following October, the school was removed to the Thirteenth Ward schoolhouse. At the close of the fourth term, in 1852, the university was discontinued. The zeal for the building of a university in those pioneer days was a sign full of promise, and is a striking proof of the governing spirit and genius of Brigham Young. The concept of a college of art, science, and literature was realized when the university was built on the hill east of Salt Lake City, in 1890.

In November 1867, the university was reopened with David O. Calder as principal. In February 1868, Mr. Calder resigned, and Dr. John R. Park was called from Draper, Utah, to become the president of the institution. The school was organized on a new and more extensive basis with the announcement of five courses of study: preparatory, commercial, normal, scientific, and classical.

Dr. Park made a careful study of the times in which he lived and adapted the university courses to the real needs of the people. Yet he never forgot that education is for the spiritualizing of people, and not primarily for the mere purpose of solving the material problems of life. An advocate of the "humani-



O. H. RIGGS



HEINRICH VON SCHMIDT-WARTENBERG

THREE TEACHERS WHO PLAYED IMPORTANT ROLES IN THE EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES OF THE STATE

ties," he always printed in the university catalogues courses of studies that tended to keep before the students the spirit of history and the classical languages. In the third annual catalog, printed in 1870-71, we have the following courses of study for the classical course.

CLASSICAL STUDIES

Freshman Year

First Term—Cicero (*Orations*), Latin Prose Composition, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Greek Prose Composition, Higher Algebra completed, Natural Philosophy.

Second Term—Virgil's *Aeneid*, Latin Prose Composition, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Greek Prose Composition, Cubic and Bi-

(*Continued on page 152*)

Gathering Material For Your Speech

IV

By Louise Linton Salmon



FINDING material for a speech is sometimes difficult, even though we can draw from all of our own experiences and those of our associates as well as from the world of experiences that have been recorded in print. With such vast sources of supply we can greatly simplify our task by making our search systematic.

Begin by taking an inventory of the knowledge you already have. Think through your own ideas. Jot down your opinions and experiences that are related to your subject. If you take time to discover what you really think, believe, and know of your subject, you will find that you have much more pertinent information than you had dreamed. Writing down your thoughts will not only clarify them but will also help you to recall them easily when you are later actually planning your speech.

Such introspection will, however, reveal a number of gaps in your knowledge. You will find that some facts are too vague in your memory to present to your listeners; for instance, if your subject is the Word of Wisdom, you may recall that an absurd amount of money is spent on cigarettes annually, but you've forgotten the exact amount or there will be phases of your subject about which you know very little. Perhaps you know nothing about the chemical reaction of alcohol on the body, and you feel you should include this point in your speech. Your next step then is to fill these gaps either by reading or by talking to qualified authorities.

Conversation will often yield rich information to you—if you are careful to evaluate the qualifications of the persons with whom you converse; for instance, if you know an excellent doctor, he can probably explain clearly and simply to you the chemical reaction of alcohol on the body. On the other hand, an untrained person is likely to give you only misleading information.

There is a personal quality to ideas gained through conversation that is hard to duplicate; for instance, if you are talking about the process that the city uses to purify its water, you can talk much more convincingly if you have visited the purification plant than if you have merely read about the process.

When personal contacts have been exhausted, however, you fortunately can go to the printed page for help. In the billions of words that are printed each year, you can find information on almost any subject. The problem here is two-fold: how to make sure that the author is qualified to write as he does and how to know which of the millions of books and magazines contain the data you need.

The only solution to the first problem is to read thoughtfully; for instance, one man writes that Mr. X would be a better senator than Mr. Y. Another writes that Mr. Y would be the better senator. Which judgment shall you accept? It is not enough merely to accept the opinion that agrees with the opinion you happen to hold. You can find truth only if you courageously and with an open mind look at the qualifications of both writers and weigh their opinions carefully.

The solution to the second problem, locating the material you need, can be given only in part here. Your local librarian will be able to give you great aid. A table of contents will tell you if your subject is treated extensively in a book; the index will refer you to more specific detail. And do not be discouraged if you cannot find your topic listed as you feel it should be. Explore all possibilities; for instance, in the Book of Mormon "Paradise" is indexed under such titles as "Alma," "Hell," "Paradise," and "Resurrection."

Obviously, gathering material for a speech is a time-consuming task. However, you can save yourself many hours of work if you make it a constant thing rather than a job that you do a day or two before your speech.

Most speakers keep a file on the topics in which they are interested. Perhaps you have six or eight general subjects on which you would enjoy speaking. If so, write these subjects down, and always be on the lookout for information on them. Keep a careful record of this information. Some people like to use a loose-leaf notebook; they can carry it with them wherever they go. Others prefer filing cards; they can index these more easily and can build a larger file. Still others like manila folders; they have a folder for each subject, and when they find a clipping or make a note, they merely drop it in the folder. But whatever system is used, the following suggestions will be helpful:

1. Write on only one side of the paper or card and put only one note on a page. Otherwise the notes become hard to file and use.
2. Be sure to copy a quotation exactly or to summarize it accurately. You want to be confident of your information.
3. Make a careful note of the source of your information. If you got it in conversation, write the date and name of the person with whom you spoke. If you got the information from a book, write the name of the author, the title of the book, the date and place it was published, and the page number; if from a magazine, write the name of the author, the title of the article and of the magazine, the date and volume of the magazine, and the page number.

(*Concluded on page* 139)

Orson F. Whitney

POET

By James E. Asper



ORSON F. WHITNEY
1855-1931

AMONG those early residents of Salt Lake Valley, there was one, Orson Ferguson Whitney, who maintained "that a people cannot perish as long as its literature lives." Throughout his life he pursued the fine arts and found expression for his own writing almost exclusively through the media of poetry and poetic prose. He was an avid reader of not only the scripture but the classics as well, especially of Homer and Milton. His ideal was analogous to Milton's. His poetry was didactic and of a religious nature. His philosophy concerning the education of the people shows definite Miltonic influence. Elder Whitney was constantly reminding his people, through the medium of his profound verse, what Milton had earlier stated:

> The end, then, of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to be like him, as we may be the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.[1]

The purpose of writing, then, as Elder Whitney saw it, is to draw man close to God; more exactly, the purpose of poetry is to give man the key to the symbolism of the universe.

In his essay on *Poets and Poetry*, Orson F. Whitney stated:

> There are many who think there is no poetry in religion. Such I fear, do not know what poetry means, or what religion means. Religion is full of poetry and poetry is full of religion. . . . The fabled fire that Prometheus filched from heaven is not more strikingly a symbol for poetic inspiration than is the Spirit of the eternal God the very muse that has inspired all true poetry that was ever written.[2]

DURING the years 1870-1874 at the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, Orson F. Whitney and a few friends organized the Wasatch Literary Association. He was its first and, four years later, its last president. He was then becoming recognized for his poetry, and even then he contemplated writing an epic poem explaining the philosophy and doctrine of Mormonism. However, it was not until 1904 that his ambition was realized. His epic, *Elias*, was then published in an edition de luxe, limited to one hundred and fifty copies. Later a less pretentious edition was subscribed for by his friends.

Previous to this time he had been writing lyrical poems of a religious nature. No doubt these poems gave him the impetus to write a poem of the character and scope of *Elias*. Elder Whitney had prayed in poetry for the conviction and strength to undertake this task. His lines in "The Poet's Prayer" exemplify this faith:

> God of my fathers! Friend of humankind!
> Almighty molder of creative mind,
> That sitt'st enthroned aloft from mortal ken,
> Showering thy mercies on the sons of men!

It was this God to whom he prayed within his lines; this is the God from whom he would seek inspiration to write an epic. He felt that if God had endowed him with the mind—the sensibility of a poet, he would be one, otherwise he would fail. In one of his acclaimed critical essays, he stated:

> Education cannot make a good poet; though it may polish and develop one. The poet is the child of nature [of God], and, as the old proverb says, "is born not made."[3]

ORSON F. WHITNEY'S literary life falls very naturally into three divisions. The first, an early poetic period, is marked principally by his short lyrics and an occasional satire. These were published in 1889. His early poems are distinguished by their religious fervor, sincerity, and conversational tone. They contain, generally, richer imagery than his later works, though they are, compared to his later *Elias*, mere fragments. The second, or epic period, is one in which Elder Whitney became widely recognized for his genius. The third and final period, in the light of the Church, is his greatest. He was ordained an Apostle, April 9, 1906, when he was fifty-one. It was then he became renowned for his letters and prophetic counsel.

Elder Whitney's friends remember his poetry for the solace it gave to them. His critics, many who have never seen him, praise the profundity of *Elias*, knowing little of the author himself.

Elias—An Epic of the Ages is, as the author states in the foreword of his book:

> An attempt to present, in verse form, historically, doctrinally, and prophetically, the vast theme comprehended in what the world terms "Mormonism."

In the "Argument," he briefly defines his purpose as follows:

> The aim of this poem is to point out those manifestations of the Divine Mind and those impulsions from human enterprise which have contributed in all ages to the progress of the race toward perfection.[4]

At the time Orson F. Whitney started this poem, he was ill. He prayed in all humility that he might live to realize his ambitions, the greatest being the creation of *Elias*, for he desired more than anything else in the world to continue his ministry as a teacher after his mortal tongue was stilled. He recovered from his illness and was inspired to write this epic and perform many good material deeds before his death.

[1] John Milton, *Of Education*

[2] Orson F. Whitney, *Poetical Writings of*, Salt Lake City, 1899, pp. 165-166

[3] *Ibid.*, 159

[4] Whitney, *Elias, An Epic of the Ages*, Salt Lake City, 1914, ix

(*Continued on page* 148)

WATER UNDER *The* BRIDGE

By Milton Waring

GIG STOOD in the lane leading to the farmhouse. He looked at it hungrily, letting the feel of it soak into his heart.

There it was—the place he'd dreamed of for three years. The place he'd wondered many times if he'd ever see again. Home!

He flung his half-filled barracks bag on the ground, drew in a deep lung full of the crisp, autumn air, and sat down a moment to brace himself for the ordeal ahead.

Three years ago he had left that house with a feeling of dread, but a different kind of dread. Then—he'd been headed for the unknown, but now

Smoke was drifting lazily from the chimney. A peaceful, American scene.

The little farmhouse in Germany had looked peaceful too. Until suddenly everything had blown up. It had happened so fast that they hadn't had a chance. They had been sitting there eating, of all things, fried eggs.

It was a different kind of egg that had blown him across the room, where minutes or hours later, he didn't know which, he'd looked with listless eyes at the mangled bodies of his buddies. He'd seen too much of that in the past three years.

Do people ever forget those things, he wondered. Could a man take up where he had left off before the war? He remembered a letter his brother Joe had sent him while he was convalescing in a hospital in France.

The letter had surprised him, for Joe had written things in that letter he'd never imagined Joe felt. Deep, understanding things, that had helped him face the long, weary months.

But now, all that was past. He was home—or was it home, now? Would he be just Gig to them here, or would he be the battle-torn mental case returning from the wars, to be treated with kid gloves, to be coddled and humored?

He shook off this mood, and shouldering his bag, started slowly up the lane. He remembered four years ago, about this time of year. He'd been duck hunting and was returning with the limit. Cool, fall days—how good they'd been! Life had been easy then. Luxuries like fried eggs had been taken for granted.

He remembered how Joe had scowled at him that morning at breakfast when he'd said he was going after ducks. Joe was teetering back in his chair. "Duck huntin', eh?" he'd growled, "Wish I had time for such as that. Somebody's got to dig those beets. Guess I'm the goat."

Gig had known that he didn't mean anything. He just liked to grumble.



—Illustration by William M. Johnson

A pang of homesickness hit him. It would be heaven to hear Joe grumble again. Panic shook him. What if they treated him as a psychosis case? He couldn't take that. He just couldn't.

He approached the house, and leaned against the jamb a moment before opening the door.

Mary was setting the table. The smell of food . . . the warm kitchen . . . all, just as he had seen it last.

Joe rose from his chair, laid the paper down carefully, before grasping Gig's hand in a crushing grip. He looked deeply into the younger man's eyes. "Well, look who's here! In time for supper, I see."

Mary smiled and nodded. They had never been a demonstrative family.

Joe carried the conversation for the next few minutes—idle, familiar talk, new methods and ideas Joe had for the improvement of the farm.

Mary said finally, "Supper's on."

They ate in silence for a few moments. How soon, Gig thought. How soon before the questions start, before morbid curiosity overcomes restraint?

There was little talk during the meal. Mary remarked that the milk production had fallen off, but the hens were laying good for this time of year.

Joe finished and pushed back his chair, teetering lazily back and forth. "Well, Gig," his voice sounded loud in Gig's ears, "your workin' clothes are waitin' for you. Been a hard haul without you. Seems to me," he added, "you could'a stayed home where you'd'a done some good. Stead'a gallivantin all over the country."

Gig looked fixedly at his plate, not trusting himself to speak. What a fool he'd been! Of course his brother would know nothing of psychosis, battle fatigue, or shattered, raw nerves. He read very little, and in this peaceful, rural section, the war had probably seemed unreal; a nightmare in another world.

He looked up, the tightness around his mouth relaxing as he watched Joe picking his teeth unconcernedly.

"Well, anyhow, you're here now." Joe grumbled, "It's five in the mornin' for you, my lad. Lotta work to catch up on."

Gig grinned. "Oh, yeah? Looks like good duck weather to me. Might be I'll go over to Beck's pond in the mornin'."

Joe teetered back in his chair, eyeing him shrewdly. "Humph! Ain't changed a bit, have ya? Well, somebody's got to dig those beets. Guess I'm the goat."

Later when Gig had been long asleep, Joe looked thoughtfully at Mary. "The boy's been through a lot, Mary, but him havin' only one leg won't handicap him any, if we help."

Mary pressed his arm softly, nodding her head so he wouldn't notice the shine in her eye was suddenly blotted with tears.

PART II

LEHI in the DESERT

THE compiler of this article was once greatly puzzled and perturbed over the complete absence of *Baal* names in the Book of Mormon. By what unfortunate oversight had the authors of that work failed to include a single name containing the element *Baal,* which thrives among the personal names of the Old Testament? Having discovered, as we thought, that the book was in error, we spared no criticism at the time, and indeed had its neglect of *Baal* names not been strikingly vindicated in recent years it would be a black mark against it. Now we learn that the Book of Mormon stubborn prejudice against *Baal* names is really the only correct attitude it could have taken, and this discovery, flying in the face of all our calculations and preconceptions, should in all fairness weigh at least as heavily in the book's favor as the supposed error did against it.

It just so happens that for some reason or other the Jews, at the beginning of the sixth century B.C., would have nothing to do with *Baal* names. An examination of Elephantine name lists shows that ". . . the change of Baal names, by substitution, is in agreement with Hosea's foretelling that they should no more be used by the Israelites, and consequently it is most interesting to find how the latest archaeological discoveries confirm the Prophet, for out of some four hundred personal names among the Elephantine Papyri not one is compounded of *Baal* . . ."[57]*

Since Elephantine was settled largely by Jews who fled from Jerusalem after its destruction, their personal names should show the same tendencies as those in the Book of Mormon. Though the translator of the Book of Mormon might by the exercise of superhuman cunning have been warned by Hosea 2:17 to eschew *Baal* names, yet the meaning of that passage is so far from obvious that Albright as late as 1942 finds it ". . . very significant that seals and inscriptions from Judah, which . . . are very numerous in the seventh and early sixth centuries, seem never to contain any *Baal* names."[58]

It is very significant indeed, but hardly more so than the uncanny acumen which the Book of Mormon displays on this point.

Let us close our short disgression on names with a quotation from Margoliouth. Speaking of the occurrence of a few Arabic names in the Old Testament, that authority observes, "Considering . . . that the recorded names are those of an infinitesimal fraction of the population, the coincidence is extraordinary."[59] This consideration applies with multiple force to the very frequent coincidence of Book of Mormon names with non-Biblical Old World names.

THERE is ample evidence in the Book of Mormon that Lehi was an expert on caravans, as one would expect.

There is much in Nephi's writing to show that, as he claims, he is writing in Egyptian—not merely in Egyptian characters, as some have maintained.[60] When Nephi tells us that his record and that of his father are in the language of the Egyptians (*not* that the language of his father was the language of the Egyptians), we can be sure he means just that. And what could be more natural than that he should choose to record his message, addressed not only to the Jews but also "to all the house of Israel" (I Nephi 19:19) and all the Gentiles (*Ibid.,* 13:39-40) in a world language rather than in his own tribal Hebrew?[61] Did not later Jews adopt Greek, an international world language, in preference to Hebrew, even as a vehicle of holy writ, for the purpose of commanding the widest possible hearing not only among the Gentiles but also among the Jews themselves?

The first three verses of I Nephi, sharply set off from the rest of the text, are a typical *colophon,* a literary device that is highly characteristic of Egyptian compositions.[62] Typical is the famous Bremer-Rhind Papyrus, which opens with a colophon containing (1) the date, (2) the titles of Nasim, the author, (3) the names of his parents and a word in praise of their virtues, with special mention of his father's prophetic calling, (4) a curse against anyone who might "take away" the book, probably "due to fear lest a sacred book should get into impure hands."[63] Compare this with Nephi's colophon: (1) his name, (2) the merits of his parents, with special attention to the learning of his father, (3) a solemn avowal (corresponding to Nasim's curse) that the record is true, and the assertion, "I make it with mine own hand"— an indispensable condition of every true colophon, since the purpose of a colophon is to establish the identity of the actual writer-down (not merely the ultimate author) of a text.[64] Egyptian literary writings regularly close with the formula "and so it is."[65] Nephi ends sections of his book with the phrase, "And thus it is, Amen."

The great preoccupation and concern displayed in the Book of Mormon for matters of writing, Lehi's passion for writing everything down (*Ibid.,* 1:16), and the obvious pride of writers in their skill, are peculiarly Egyptian. Nephi's "I make it with mine own hand," is simply the Egyptian "written with my own fingers," and we can almost hear Nephi speaking in the words of an Egyptian sage: "Copy thy fathers who have gone before thee. . . . Behold, their words are recorded in writing. Open and read and copy. . . ." Certainly Nephi him-

*Numbers refer to bibliography at end of article

By Hugh Nibley, Ph. D.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
HISTORY AND RELIGION
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

self was diligent in keeping this *seboyet*.[66] It was the Egyptian, not the Hebrew gentleman who advertised his proficiency in the arts of the scribe.[67] Thoroughly Egyptian also is Lehi's didactic spirit and his habit of giving long formal addresses on moral and religious subjects "in the manner of the fathers" to his sons. Like a good Egyptian he wrote all this down, of course. The *form* of these discourses, with their set introductions and formal imagery[68] might have come right out of an Egyptian schoolroom, though their *content* smacks more of the "learning of the Jews," as Nephi himself observes. (*Ibid.*, 1:2.) Both in form and content, however, the writings of the prophets and the wisdom of Israel are found to resemble the prophetic and "wisdom" literature of Egypt very closely,[69] so that we need not be surprised if Lehi's prophecies do the same. At the end of the last century scholars were mystified to find that a demotic prophecy datable to the time of Bocchoris (718-712 B.C.), in which coming destructions were predicted with the promise of a Messiah to follow, was put into the mouth of "the Lamb" (*pa hib*).[70] Greek sources inform us that this prophecy enjoyed very great circulation in ancient times.[71] The strange wording of Lehi's great prophecy, uttered by "the Lamb" (*Ibid.*, 13:34, 41) is thus seen to be no anachronism, taken from Hellenistic or Christian times, as was once maintained.

Typical of the Egyptian prophets is one Neferrohu, whose prophecies, though of uncertain date, were credited with great antiquity. This man describes himself as a commoner, but withal a valiant man and "a wealthy man of great possessions," and he is proud of his skill as a scribe. Like Lehi in other things, he recalls also that he brooded much "over what should come to pass in the land," and having done so was moved to prophesy: "Up my heart, and bewail this land whence thou art sprung . . . the land is utterly perished, and nought remains . . . the earth is fallen into misery for the sake of yon food of the Bedouins who pervade the land. . . . " Yet he looks forward to a savior-king who is to come.[72] The situation is not unique but is a characteristic one both in Egypt and Judah, and no one could deny that if Lehi was not a fact, he was at least a very authentic type. Nephi says his father was but one among many prophets in his own day.

His family accuse Lehi of folly in leaving Jerusalem and do not spare his personal feelings in making fun of his dreams and visions, yet they never question his ability to lead them.

Lehi and the Arabs

Lehi was very rich, and he was a trader, for his wealth was in the form of "all manner of precious things" such as had to be brought from many places. Very significant is the casual notice that he once had a vision in a desert place "as he went forth" (*Ibid.*, 1:5): *as* he went he prayed, we are told, and *as* he prayed a vision came to him. The effect of the vision was to make him hasten back "to his own house at Jerusalem," where he had yet greater visions, showing that it was not necessary for him to "go forth" either to pray or to have visions; he did not go forth expecting a vision, but one came to him in the course of a regular journey *as* he went about his business and forced him to change his plans. Lehi's precious things and gold came to him in exchange for his wine, oil, figs, and honey (of which he seems to know a good deal), not only by sea (hence the great importance of Sidon) but necessarily by caravan as well. There is ample evidence in the Book of Mormon that Lehi was an expert on caravans, as one would expect. Consider a few general points before we introduce particulars.

Upon receiving a warning dream, Lehi is ready, apparently at a moment's notice, to take his whole "family, and provisions, and tents" out into the wilderness. While he took absolutely nothing but the most necessary provisions with him (*Ibid.*, 2:4), he knew exactly what those provisions should be, and

(*Continued on following page*)

MARKET SCENE IN JERUSALEM AS ONE MAY SEE IT TODAY



—*Photograph by Three Lions*

Twenty-six hundred years ago the Jews felt themselves much closer to the people of the desert than they ever have since. They themselves were desert people originally, and they had not forgotten it.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

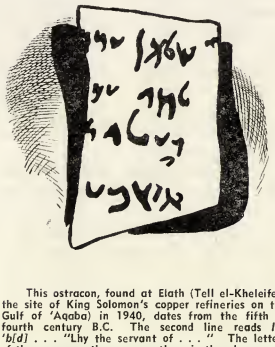
when he has to send back to the city to supply unanticipated wants, it was for records that he sent and not for any necessaries for the journey. This argues a high degree of preparation and knowledge in the man, as does the masterly way in which he established a base camp in order to gather his forces for the great trek, in the best accepted manner of modern explorers in Arabia.[73] Up until Lehi leaves that base camp, that is, until the day when he receives the Liahona, he seems to know just where he is going and exactly what he is doing: there is here no talk of being "led by the Spirit, not knowing beforehand . . . " as in the case of Nephi in the dark streets of Jerusalem. (*Ibid.*, 4:7.)

His family accuse Lehi of folly in leaving Jerusalem and do not spare his personal feelings in making fun of his dreams and visions, yet they never question his ability to lead them. They complain, like all Arabs, against the terrible and dangerous deserts through which they pass, but they do not include ignorance of the desert among their hazards, though that would be their first and last objection to his wild project were the old man nothing but a city Jew unacquainted with the wild and dangerous world of the waste places.

Lehi himself never mentions inexperience among his obstacles. Members of the family laugh contemptuously when Nephi proposes to build a ship (*Ibid.*, 17:17-20) and might well have quoted the ancient proverb, "Show an Arab the sea and a man of Sidon the desert."[74] But while they tell him he is "lacking in judgment" to build a ship, they never mock their brother as a hunter or a dude in the desert. The fact that he brought a fine steel bow with him *from home* and that he knew well how to use that difficult weapon shows that Nephi had hunted much in his short life.

Lehi has strong ties with the desert in his family background. Twenty-six hundred years ago the Jews felt themselves much closer to the people of the desert than they ever have since.[75] They themselves were desert people originally, and they never forgot it; for them the desert was always just next door, and there was a constant going and coming between the two realms,[76] especially in the days of great commercial activity.[77] The Jews always felt a spiritual affinity with the nomad which they never felt towards the settled cultivators of Palestine.[78]

We have often been told that the patriarchs were wandering Bedouins;[79] their language was that of the desert people; many of whose words are to this day closer to Hebrew than to modern Arabic.[80]



This ostracon, found at Elath (Tell el-Kheleifeh, the site of King Solomon's copper refineries on the Gulf of 'Aqaba) in 1940, dates from the fifth or fourth century B.C. The second line reads *lhy 'bd[]* . . . "Lhy the servant of . . . " The letters of the name are the same as those in the place-name Lehi in Judges 15:9, 14, 19, and this object definitely proves the occurrence of Lehi (Prof. Glueck vocalizes it Lahai) as a personal name among the desert people in ancient times. (After a facsimile copy illustrating an article by Nelson Glueck in "The *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research*, No. 80 (Dec. 1940), p. 5, fig. 2).

Of recent years the tendency has been more and more to equate Hebrew and Arab, and Guillaume concludes the latest study on the subject with the dictum that the two words are really forms of the same name, both referring originally to "the sons of Eber."[81] The name *Arab* is not meant to designate any particular race, tribe, or nation but a way of life: *Arab* means simply a man of the desert and was applied by the Jews to their own cousins who remained behind in the wilderness after they themselves had settled down in the city and country.[82]

Now of all the tribes of Israel Manasseh was the one which lived farthest out in the desert, came into most frequent contact with the Arabs, intermarried with them most frequently, and at the same time had the closest of traditional bonds with Egypt.[83] And Lehi belonged to the tribe of Manasseh. (Alma 10:3.) The prominence of the name of Ammon in the Book of Mormon may have something to do with the fact that Ammon was Manasseh's closest neighbor and often fought her in the deserts east of Jordan; at the same time a prehistoric connection with the Ammon of Egypt is not at all out of the question.[84] The semi-nomadic nature of Manasseh might explain why Lehi seems out of touch with things in Jerusalem. For the first time he "did discover" from records kept in Laban's house that he was a direct descendant of Joseph. Why hadn't he known that all along? Nephi always speaks of "the Jews at Jerusalem" with a curious detachment, and no one in I Nephi ever refers to them as "the people" or "our people" but always quite impersonally as "the Jews." It is interesting in this connection that the Elephantine letters speak only of Jews and Aramaeans, never of Israelites,[85] while Lachish Letter No. 6 denounces the prophet for spreading defeatism both in the country and in the city, showing that Lehi could have been active in either sphere. Even the remark that Lehi "dwelt at Jerusalem in all his days" would never have been made by or for people who had never lived anywhere else, and a dwelling "at Jerusalem" would be an aid rather than a hindrance to much travel.[86]

There is one clear indication that Lehi's forefathers were *not* natives of Jerusalem. We learn in Mosiah 1:4 that certain plates were written "in the language of the Egyptians." Nephi informs us (I Nephi 3:19) that these same plates were in "the language of our fathers," and that the possession of them was necessary if a knowledge of that language was to be preserved among his people. Lehi's children could have produced from their own resources any number of books in their *own* language, so that when Nephi expresses his belief that without that one volume of plates a language will be lost—the ancient

(*Continued on page* 155)



JOE *cut more sharply in and took the inside track. . . .*

A PAIR OF SKATES

BY ALVIN J. SCHOW

VERNE AMOS slid to a stop at the edge of the ice pond and stepped up by the bonfire among the group of boys clustered there.

"Hi," he said casually.

Half a dozen of the boys answered him, just as casually. Then they went on with their talk.

Verne warmed himself, listening. He wanted to enter the conversation but contented himself with looking interested. He had tried to enter their conversations before, but some of his opinions had met with disapproval. And, disapproved, they had brought on the remark that he was "like his dad, always wanting to have things his own way." So now he remained silent, satisfied to pick up the quiet feeling of friendship that came to him simply by standing among them.

He hardly understood just what it was that kept them from accepting him as one of them. Somehow he had the feeling it was his father's money. It wasn't his fault his father owned the factory where many of their fathers worked nor that his father was the richest man in town. And he had no intention of taking advantage of his position. Nevertheless, there it was, and he learned through bitter lessons to accept what the other boys were willing to give and not to try to force his way among them.

He slipped away from them and back onto the pond to join the game of pomp-pomp-pull-away that was going on. Here he was on his own, and the rest of the players had to accept him as an object to chase, when he came dashing through them.

Joe Brown, one of the boys at the fire, watched Verne go.

"Some skates he's got," he said, a slight note of envy creeping into his voice. He looked down at his own, an old-fashioned pair that clamped to his shoes.

"Yeah," Tad Nelson said, "his dad gets him anything he wants. Nothin' but the best, either."

"Soft," Joe said. "Wish I had 'em, and he had another pair just like 'em."

"Bet you could get 'em, Joe," Terry Lane spoke up.

"Yeah? How?"

"Pal around with him," Terry said. "He gave Bert a keen tennis racket just because Bert played with him, and his racket was worn out."

"Yeah, sure," Joe said, "but who wants that? First thing you know he'd be buying his way in with all of us, and then he'd want to run things to suit himself. Nobody's going to buy me."

That ended the conversation, and they all drifted onto the pond to join the game.

Joe was the recognized leader of "the gang." As with so many other things, his poverty did not keep him from that. And his widowed mother was proud that he tried to keep them playing the game fair and square.

But Joe's very poverty made him feel that Verne's riches were a menace to him. People with money got used to buying things with it, and if you weren't careful, they'd be buying you. Once they had you bought and paid for, you had to

(*Continued on following page*)

A PAIR OF SKATES

(*Continued from preceding page*)

do what they wanted. So he instinctively had snubbed Verne, and he snapped back at anyone who made a mild protest.

On the pond the game was going on. Joe and his pals joined Verne and the few others who remained among the uncaught. There were more skaters trying to catch them now than there were trying to get through the lines. As they started through, each of them knew his chance of getting through without being caught was pretty slim.

They started down in a body then spread out over the full width of their marked course. Next they tried to weave through the skaters coming to meet them. Skate skilfully as they did, Verne was the only one to get through.

Then they all turned to get him on the return run. He started out from the middle of the pond, then cut sharply over toward one side. Like a flock of sheep every skater on the pond started toward that side to meet him. Then, when they were pretty well bunched, Verne doubled back and streaked toward the other side of the course, hoping to run around them.

Joe had been in the lead of the skaters, and now he took off across the pond right behind Verne. Stroking with all his might, he tried to close the small gap between them, but it was no use. Verne kept out of his way. They were nearing the edge of the course, and it was necessary for Verne to make a turn to his right to keep within bounds. Crossing foot over foot, and throwing all the force he could into it, he came around, picking up a little speed as he did so.

Joe now had the inside track, but he was unable to gain any ground. Verne was outskating him.

Suddenly a few other skaters who had angled back across the pond instead of following Joe and Verne almost straight across and then down the opposite side, appeared in front of them. Verne tried to weave through them, but one of them slapped him on the back as he darted through. That ended the game.

At his home that night, Joe's mother said to him. "You don't play with Verne Amos very much, do you?"

"A little," Joe said, looking surprised.

"I've noticed he doesn't get in with your gang," his mother continued. "I wonder why? He seems such a nice boy, too."

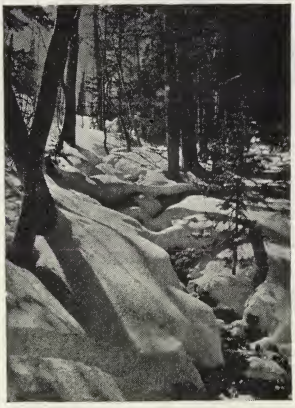
"Oh, he's all right," Joe said; "only he just doesn't belong."

"Why doesn't he belong?" his mother persisted.

"Well, gee," Joe squirmed a little, "if we let him in with us, he'll want to run things just because he's got plenty of money.

"I see," his mother replied.

Joe felt uncomfortable. He knew his mother did see. He felt more explanation was needed.



"Well," he said defensively, "people like him think their money will buy anything."

"Maybe we make them that way," his mother said quietly. "You see, people like Verne need friends just as you and I do. We give our friendship to others, but sometimes we won't give it to people with money like Verne because we're afraid of what they'll do. And when we won't *give* them our friendship, all they can do is try to buy it. Perhaps if we gave it to them, they would be just as good friends as anyone else."

"Maybe," Joe said doubtfully, and his mother wisely dropped the subject.

The following Saturday brought the town's ice carnival. Everyone turned out to the ice pond to skate, to eat barbequed sandwiches, and to try to win one of the prizes given in the contests. Joe and his gang were there, their spirits high. And Verne was there, too, but he was just quietly friendly, not making any advances.

Joe skated over to the huge bonfire for a sandwich. One of the ladies made one for him, and then he noticed Mr. Amos helping them.

"Hello, Joe," Mr. Amos said, smiling.

"Hello, Mr. Amos," Joe said, feeling a little overawed.

He began to munch his sandwich. Mr. Amos looked friendly enough. He was working with the others just as if he didn't have ten times as much money as all the rest of them. Maybe he would be happier, too, if people were friendly with him just as they were with everyone else. Maybe his mother was right. She was working there, too, and she was friendly with him. She even called him "Will" right in front of everyone else.

"Joe," Mr. Amos was talking to him again, "here's something you'd like." He held up a pair of skates. "That's the prize for the race you'll be in."

"Gee," Joe took them and looked at them, "they're swell."

"They tell me you're a good enough skater to win them," Mr. Amos said.

Joe grinned a little. "Gee, I don't know," he said humbly. "I'm afraid Verne is better than I am."

Mr. Amos laughed, "Well, I hope you win them anyway."

Joe went back to the pond. A pair of skates like that! He would give almost anything for them. He was pretty sure he could beat all of the boys but Verne. And he was pretty sure Verne could beat him. A thought struck him. Maybe if he was friendly with Verne, Verne would let him win. He was immediately ashamed of himself. He wouldn't do that. He believed in winning fair and square, if he did win. He remembered what his mother had said. Maybe that wasn't fair to Verne, either. Maybe he wanted to win fair and square, too.

(*Continued on page* 131)

A Story of Vision and Accomplishment...

Ann Mousley Cannon

By Madelyn Stewart Silver

Have faith
Seek knowledge
Safeguard health
Honor womanhood
Understand beauty
Know work
Love truth
Taste the sweetness of service
Feel joy

LONG before the "Spirit of the Hive" was formulated in these words, its ideals dominated the life of Ann Mousley Cannon. Her eager quest for knowledge began early (she was born September 29, 1869) and continued through all her life. Her faith in womanhood, her appreciation of health, her love of service helped in the establishment of the Bee-Hive work.

ANNIE CANNON *never called the organization the Mutual. She spoke always of it as Mutual Improvement.*

For some years she had been watching her nieces, as well as girls everywhere. She heard their complaints at irksome household tasks; she heard them discuss stories of boarding school and girl group adventures; she chaperoned groups on hikes and canyon parties. She read all she could about the Girl Guides organized in England to parallel the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls organized in America by Dr. and Mrs. Luther H. Gulick.

President Martha H. Tingey of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association appointed her to investigate and formulate some activity for young women. Almost immediately Sister Cannon entered into correspondence with Dr. Gulick and organized a Camp Fire group. The members included Lois Cannon, Maurine Bennion, Edith Teudt, Annie Merrill, Aledia Tobiason, and Madelyn Stewart. Later this group was enlarged to include Venice Morris, Ada Olson, Lilly Thalmann, Marie Cook, and Marie Hjorth. All were members of the Forest Dale Ward. For about two years these girls met in regular activities which included camping trips, ceremonial fires, the awarding and wearing of the Indian costume and leather thongs of honor beads. All this was under the direction of Ann M. Cannon, assisted part of the time by a young English convert, Lydia Champion.



ANN MOUSLEY CANNON

Presently a number of wards in the Church were selected to experiment with Camp Fire work as part of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. During all this time Sister Cannon was examining the values and difficulties of Camp Fire work as a Church project. Expense was one of the greatest problems, so it was suggested that the Church organize a girls' group of its own.

The general board committee was composed of Ann M. Cannon as chairman; Charlotte Stewart, an expert in all phases of recreation and health; Emily C. Adams, a woman of wide experience and excellent judgment; and Elen Wallace, a true poet possessed of great spiritual insight and inspiration. Rachel Grant Taylor was an early member, but later was transferred to another committee.

These four women analyzed and studied many fields of activity for girls and young women. They sought professional advice and recommendation in planning work in the various fields.

(*Continued on page 134*)



Graduating class, University of Deseret 1886. Edna Wells (Sloan), left, Ann M. Cannon, right.



While Dancing The

ELAINE covered the vague disquiet of her mind with a smile. Being in love was a blow-hot-blow-cold affair, with never any time for level analysis—even for a sociology major. It was like traffic with green lights for straight ahead one minute and the next all signals flashing red for stop, only it was too late for red signals now, with Craig's diamond sparkling on her finger. At the moment the lights were green, for wasn't Craig here at precisely six o'clock, beautifully on time to take her to church on this Sunday evening?

All the time she had spent dressing was rewarded by the look in his eyes as she came down the stairs of Stanley Hall. His approving glance noted the blonde bob, feathered back from her face, the turquoise blouse, and the slim black skirt. He gave a low whistle and crossed the room in two strides.

"Craig, not here!" she said, noting his intent—no telling how many of the girls would be peering over the banisters.

"Then let's get out of here, my pigeon." he said promptly. Craig's impetuosity was thrilling.

His car was out in front. She knew by the slight movements of the upper curtains that the girls were watching them and waved at the windows impishly. Not one of them but envied her Craig, the most handsome and "lucrative" date at the U, and undoubtedly the most charming.

"What's the matter? Do they spy on you?"

"Oh, Craig, no! Not spy. They're just interested. Mainly in you. You are considered the catch of the year, you know."

"I don't believe it," said Craig, but his expression softened. He did believe it, Elaine knew, because he thrust out his chin in a little, unconscious gesture of pride. Perhaps one day she would love that gesture as her mother loved the springy way her father walked.

"CRAIG, we've passed the chapel," she said, rousing to look about.

"Right," said Craig.

"But it is time for church."

"We're not going to church tonight, Elaine."

"But, Craig! We planned to go. You promised."

"I've changed my mind," Craig said shortly.

"Oh," said Elaine, sudden anger boiling up in her, and there was a stiff silence.

Three blocks farther on Craig slid her a sidelong glance. "It's spring, Elaine. I want you to myself. Do you have to go to church?"

"No," said Elaine, melting. "But I should be there. I'm the stake dance director, you know, and all the officers—"

"Duty! They won't miss you once."

"That isn't it," said Elaine. "I wanted to go."

"Wanted to go to church?" echoed Craig in disbelief.

"Particularly tonight. I wanted to find out who the new dance director for the M Men is going to be. Then, too, Paul Delaby is home from his mission. He is the speaker tonight, and I wanted to go very much."

"Paul Delaby? Who is he? Some special friend of yours?"

There was quick and unmistakable suspicion in Craig's voice.

"Certainly. Paul and I have been friends for years—ever since I moved into this ward to go to the U. He was my first friend when I was a green little homesick freshie."

"Somebody you used to go out with," guessed Craig.

"Well, yes. Occasionally," admitted Elaine. "But I don't see—"

"I do, quite well!" answered Craig shortly.

They drove on in uncomfortable silence, an edge of enmity between them again—past the monument and the zoo, into the mouth of the canyon. This time it was Elaine who had to break the silence.

"Craig," she said tentatively, "it is you I am engaged to."

Craig looked at her under dark brows and pulled to the side of the road. "I'm sorry," he said, taking her into his arms. "Believe me, Elaine, it's because I love you so much. I'm jealous of everything that takes you away from me. Of school, of church—that stake dancing—and of every boy you ever went out with. After we're married all that will be changed. I want you all for my own."

Through the pleasure of having things cleared between them, a little fear crept in. What would marriage to Craig be like? Whenever she thought of marriage, she thought of her mother and father,

and of their family in church on Sunday morning — her father on the stand, for he was the bishop, her mother with a baby in her arms and the look of an angel in her face, and her brothers and sisters dotted through the audience in their respective departments. Somehow Craig didn't harmonize with that picture.

"But Craig—" she began.

"I won't listen," said Craig, stopping her mouth effectively. "If you loved me like I love you, you'd feel the same way."

"I guess so," said Elaine miserably, remembering with a feeling of guilt her uncertainty where Craig was concerned. Surely there was no reserve on Craig's part. If her love for him was genuine, she thought, she wouldn't have this little fear of it. Why, oh why had she taken his ring before she was sure? Sure! Even now she was thinking of church, wondering about Paul's speech, with a sense of eternal loss at not hearing it.

"Craig," she said, putting it out of her mind with her will, and relaxing deliberately. "I'm going to forget everything but you and enjoy the evening."

"Atta girl!" approved Craig. "That goes for this fellow, Paul, too?"

"Paul, too," agreed Elaine, thinking it best not to try explaining the freedom and friendliness of her relationship with Paul. It was more an appreciation that took in the whole world and had never come down to the confinement of two personalities.

THURSDAY night she saw Paul. The stake dance directors were meeting at the Gardens for instruction in square and old-time dancing. Although it was a workout, Elaine wore a long, full-skirted dimity because it suited the dance movements, and went in a cab. Paul saw her come in at the door.

"Paul!" she said, delighted when he came up to her, both hands out. He was changed, grown in stature, and there was a look of controlled power about him. His mouth was still sweet and his features clean-cut. "I didn't expect you here."

"You can from now on," Paul told her. "It seems that I've been appointed the new stake dance director for the M Men. How's that for a rusty old missionary?"

"You'll get back into practice soon. Paul, I'm sorry I missed your homecoming. I wanted to be there."

"I wanted you there, too, Elaine. The house was jammed, but I kept looking for you. I felt as if I was talking to empty benches."

"Oh, Paul!" she said, but she didn't explain, although Paul searched her face. "I didn't know it meant that much—to you."

VARSOVIENNE

By Alice Morrey Bailey

"My dear girl! Don't mistake my meaning. I loved being there. Those people are home to me, but this is really coming home—seeing you. It meant that much every minute I was out in the field. For the good of my work I tucked you in the back of my mind at least four times daily. But when I was coming home—I made that speech up especially for you."

A feeling of mingled remorse and elation swelled Elaine's heart, but she subdued it.

"We're learning the varsovienne tonight—just beginning; so we can learn it together," she evaded.

"Right. It is the beginning, and we will learn it together," said Paul. There was a deeper meaning in his voice, but Elaine ignored it. "Do you realize, my dear woman, that I don't even know your address? It will take years of conversation to catch up—for me to tell you about my mission, for you to tell me about school. You've caught up to me, and we'll graduate together. Won't that be fun?"

Elaine knew suddenly that she wanted all those things, but she bit back a reply and was relieved just then that the instructors took all their attention to demonstrate the right and left Scotch rolls.

"We can do that," exulted Paul, and turned Elaine under his hand until her skirt flared. "Just like a hollyhock. Elaine you are beautiful."

"I don't hear those rusty hinges squeaking," Elaine parried.

"It's the partner," Paul smiled, and his arm tightened about her.

ELAINE's head, as well as her feet, was in a whirl. Why should Paul's words bring such joy to her heart? Why should she feel this happy comfort in his presence when she was engaged to Craig? Why, indeed, if she was not fickle and faithless?

It was obvious Paul hadn't heard about her and Craig, for, although his attention was apparently on the instructor and the intricacies of the step, Elaine felt emotion surging through his hand to hers, and his eyes told her he was very much aware of her. Somehow she must tell him she was engaged, and before he committed himself too far.

"Paul—" she began when the steps threw them together in the waltz steps.

"Elaine, I love you," he said into her ear. "I loved you before I left. I knew then that I wanted you for my wife, but it was a matter of first things first. I've waited so long to say this. Now—"

A million fragments of light splintered in her head. splintered and fell to darkness in her heart. Their feet stopped dancing.

"Paul! oh, Paul!" she said.

His gaze followed her own to the third finger on her left hand. His face turned pale, and he closed his eyes, swaying a little.

"It looks like you two need help," said a voice at Elaine's shoulder. and the instructors were there. The man whirled her competently away while the woman took possession of the unprotesting Paul.

(Continued on page 135)



One of the first houses in Cowley, Wyoming, built by Thomas Lythgoe in 1901.

COLONIZATION OF THE BIG HORN

Colonization by the Church has a familiar ring—whether it was under the direction of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Ohio, Missouri, or Illinois; or under the direction of President Brigham Young and his successors in the West.

By Eliza R. Lythgoe

THE coming of the Pioneers—usually told of the Salt Lake Valley pioneers—was relived with other faces and with slightly different incidents each time a new settlement was begun. This is the story of pioneering in the Big Horn Basin of northwestern Wyoming.

A small body of churchmen went into the Big Horn Basin about 1897 and settled at Burlington, Wyoming. Stories of the country were written to friends in Utah. The knowledge that land and water were available caused the leaders of the Church to investigate.

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was an admirer of Brigham Young and often praised his ability as a colonizer. He said, "If the Mormons will take over this Cincinnati Canal[1] proposition, I am sure it will succeed, as I know they will work together on it. I can see in my mind fields of alfalfa and grain and homes for many people here."

Elder A. O. Woodruff of the Council of the Twelve and fourteen other prominent men were sent in February 1900, to look over the country, not only the land that the Cincinnati Canal would cover, but also the level land surrounding it. Colonel Cody came down and met them near the place where the Sidon Canal now heads. He spent a pleasant evening recounting many of his experiences.

An application to divert, appropriate, and use the waters of the Shoshone River had been made by Colonel Cody and Nate Salisbury, their application being approved by the state engineer on May 22, 1899.[2] On April 24, 1900, Colonel Cody and Nate Salisbury signed a relinquishment of these rights to the state of Wyoming, permitting the state to assign the land and water rights to another party. The Church, having filed an application for the construction of a canal on January 11, 1900, subsequently received the rights Colonel Cody held.

While the delegation was at Bridger, Montana, a hardware dealer by the name of Haskins was consulted in regard to the purchase of plows, scrapers, crowbars, picks, and shovels. Though these men were entire strangers to Mr. Haskins, he agreed to secure the required tools for them.

A favorable report of the proposition in Wyoming was made to the Presidency of the Church, and the organization for colonizing the new country was started. Soon after this the canal was resurveyed, and preparations to go to work were immediately made.

Elder A. O. Woodruff was put in charge of the colony to build this canal. Staunch, experienced men like Byron Sessions, a frontiersman, Charles A. Welch, an expert accountant, and other stalwart men of experience were sent to see about work. Young men of strength and courage who were seeking land and wanted to grow up with a new country came, accompanied by their wives and children. None of them



Children born in Cowley in 1901 and 1902. Photograph taken in 1914 with Charles Marchant, teacher.

[1] Several years prior to 1898, Cincinnati interests, represented by G. H. King and H. L. Early, had submitted proposals for a canal along the north side of the Shoshone River, and had been awarded a contract for its construction. But delay in initiating operation had smothered faith in the Cincinnati Company, and in 1898 the state board of land commissioners requested a relinquishment.—Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin*, p. 192.

[2] This application is now recorded in the official record of the state engineer of Wyoming, Volume 9, page 478.



Volney King, father of Eliza R. Lythgoe, on the horse leading the parade on Pioneer day in 1905.

BASIN *by the Latter-day Saints*

ever thought of going back or of failure. They came in covered wagons containing food, dishes, beds, clothing—the bare necessities of life.

Since my three-weeks-old baby and I were unable to leave Salt Lake City for Wyoming when my husband and the others left in May 1900, we made the trip by train the following July, and since I want to present the experiences of a woman who did make the journey by team, I secured an account of a trip from my friend, Sarah J. Partridge, who, with three families, began her overland journey to the Big Horn Basin April 3, 1900. Mrs. Partridge said, "Everyone going to the basin started out on the road to Ham's Fork[3] where they all were to meet."

In her party were the W. C. Partridge, the Edward Partridge, and the Ben Salisbury families. She continued, "Our eldest boy, Clayton, walked and drove the milk cows. Realizing we were going to an unsettled country, we loaded our two wagons with everything we could not sell, even taking two or three hundred pounds of lead. Our wagons and teams were overloaded. Now, after forty years when I think back how we strewed the road with chickens, washers, etc., I sometimes laugh and sometimes cry. We were eight weeks on the road from Provo, Utah, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, arriving at the head of the canal May 29, 1900.

"One reason why the start had been made early in the spring was to get across the rivers before high water, but you can still hear a group of our pioneers talk of the time they forded this river or that, and how they were almost washed downstream at one river or another. I'll never forget the evening we forded Big Wind River. The water was above the front wheels of the wagon. The men led the horses through the stream with water above their waists. If ever the Lord helped us on our journey, he helped us then.

"A day's journey from Ham's Fork a blizzard swept over the company. The wagons were driven into what shelter could be found, the horses tied to the wagons and given a small feed of oats. Not much sleep was had by anyone as the horses gnawed the wagon boxes or any other wood not covered by irons. How the wind howled and shook the wagons in which everyone was trying to sleep! The storm lasted three days, and when it abated, nearly two feet of snow covered the ground.

"The morning after the blizzard the teams had to move on so that feed might be found in order to save

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[3]Ham's Fork was a small settlement near the present site of Kemmerer, Wyoming.



The Willis Construction Crew. Photograph taken at Grey Bull, Wyoming, just after the railroad was built in 1914.



Area of the ancient Middle American civilizations. "Stepped pyramid" symbol indicates the location of some of the principal discovered ruined cities (ancient name in most cases unknown). Circled part is the region of the main explorations of the archaeological expedition described in this article.

AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL

ARCHAEOLOGY has been aptly defined as "a rescue expedition sent into the far parts of the earth to recover the scattered pages of man's autobiography,"[1] i.e. the ruins of his ancient cities, and other material relics of his early past.

One of the "far parts of the earth" where such records have been found in especial abundance is that of the great tropical forest region of northern Central America. Here archaeological expeditions of the past hundred years have uncovered the remains of several ancient, previously unknown civilizations.

This article describes one such expedition to Central America, undertaken recently, in the winter months of 1948.[2]

Recent Developments and the Purpose of the Expedition

THIS EXPEDITION grew out of a number of important recent developments in the archaeology of Central America and of Mexico. Foremost of these has been the coming to light, in this "middle" region of the New World, of still another ancient civilization.

This newly-discovered civilization dates to an early period in the archaeological history of Middle America. Its remains have been found underlying those of the well-known classic cultures of the region such as the Maya, Zapotec, and Teotihuacan Toltec, which dates it back to the first centuries of the Christian era and the immediately preceding centuries. Evidence is mounting to the effect that it was a widespread and highly developed civilization, more or less ancestral to the classic cultures. As yet, however, its origin and people remain unknown.

[1] Ann Morris, *Digging in the Southwest*, Garden City, N. Y., 1933, p. xv.

[2] Account taken in part from the writer's report of the expedition to the Mexican government, prepared in accordance with the expedition's archaeological contract with that government.

AMERICA

By M. Wells Jakeman, Ph. D.
HEAD OF ARCHAEOLOGY DEPARTMENT
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

The most distinctive features of this new early "pre-classic" civilization of Central America and Mexico have so far been discovered at sites located in the Gulf Coast plain of southern Veracruz and western Tabasco, in the narrow-neck-of-land region of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It is at these sites (comprising what may be called the "Early Olmec" aspect of this civilization[a]), that some of the most remarkable finds in the history of American archaeology have been made. These include the earliest dated object of the New World (Stela A at Tres Zapotes in southern Veracruz, bearing a probably contemporaneous hieroglyphic date near the birth of Christ), stone sculptures and pottery figurines depicting bearded men, other figurines showing people wearing oriental-like turbans, and, most sensational of all, toy wheeled vehicles, proving the existence at one time in ancient America of knowledge of the wheel, i.e. one of the fundamentals of Old World civilization, which had long been denied by Americanists. The last three of these discoveries strongly bolster, of course, the extreme "migrationist" theory of ancient American origins, i.e. that the ancient civilizations of America had their ultimate origin to transoceanic migrations from some early center of civilization in the Old World.[4]

These amazing finds, and the importance of this Olmec-Gulf Coast region as an early center of the newly uncovered pre-classic civilization, raise the possibility of even more significant discoveries awaiting future archaeological research in this region. Numerous unexplored, or only partly explored, mound ruins dot the maps of this area. Though some of these sites have already been identified, usually as ceremonial centers of the well-known Classic Maya civilization (or of the Classic Olmec or "La Venta" culture), others remain entirely unclassified as to civilization or period of flourishment. Many other ancient ruined cities undoubtedly remain still hidden or undiscovered within the dense jungles of this region.

The expedition forming the subject of this article had for its main purpose an archaeological reconnaissance of one part of this region, namely the Xicalango district of western Campeche. This district was selected because it was the center of an area which was archaeologically the least explored and least known part of the Gulf Coast region, where no distinctive centers of the pre-classic civilization had yet been discovered, and which consequently comprised an extensive break in the territorial continuity of that civilization. The reconnaissance was therefore directed toward the possible discovery of additional sites of the pre-classic civilization in this "gap area." or of other evidence linking up the discovered developments of the civilization in the Tehuantepec, Yucatan, and southern highland areas. There was also the possibility of finding evidence in this area leading to the discovery of the civilization's original or main center of development, still unlocated.

The Expedition

This archaeological reconnaissance of the Xicalango Gulf Coast area was undertaken under the auspices of the Department of Archaeology of Brigham Young

(Continued on following page)



Expedition members on the partially uncovered stairway of an ancient pyramid temple at Aguacatal. From left to right: W. Glenn Harmon, Thomas Stuart Ferguson, the writer, and Abel Paez. Photograph taken by expedition guide Manuel Lara.

[a] A phase of the so-called "Olmec" development of the Gulf Coast region, to be differentiated from the succeeding "Classic Olmec" or "La Venta" phase which equates temporally with the beginnings of the Classic Maya culture of Yucatan.

[4] For further information on these recent discoveries see, e.g., Matthew W. Stirling, "Discovering the New World's Oldest Dated Work of Man," in *The National Geographic Magazine*, August 1939, and "Great Stone Faces of the Mexican Jungle," *ibid.*, September 1940; George C. Vaillant, "A Bearded Mystery," in *Natural History*, vol. 31 (1931), pp. 243-252; and Thomas Stuart Ferguson, "The Wheel in Ancient America," in *The Improvement Era*, vol. 49, (December 1946), pp. 785 and 818-819.

AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AMERICA

(*Continued from preceding page*)

University.[5] The expedition members consisted of the writer, as director and archaeologist; Thomas Stuart Ferguson of Oakland, California, as transportation manager and field assistant; W. Glenn Harmon of Berkeley, California, as photographer; and Abel Paez of Mexico City, as general aide.

The members gathered at Mexico City on January 10, 1948, where final preparations were made, including the securing of the necessary governmental permit for archaeological work in Mexico. Valuable suggestions for the success of the expedition were contributed by Frans Blom of Mexico City, former director of the Middle American Research Institute of Tulane University of Louisiana, and by H. Carlos Frey, also of Mexico City, professional jungle explorer and one of the discoverers of the now famous Maya ruins of Bonampak, Chiapas. Generous assistance in obtaining the large amount of special photographic supplies required for the expedition was given by Otto Done, representative of the Eastman Kodak Stores in Mexico City.

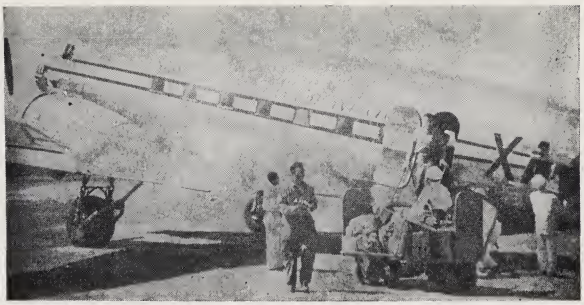
Leaving Mexico City on January 18, the party proceeded by plane to the tropical eastern Gulf Coast island and town of Carmen, Campeche, in geographical Central America, which had been selected as the immediate base of operations. Here additional supplies were obtained and arrangements made for motor launch transportation across the great inland sea of the Laguna de Términos to the Xicalango mainland. Here also much valuable information was furnished by local citizens on the known sites and antiquities of the Xicalango-Laguna de Términos region.

The area to be explored lay across the Laguna de Términos from the Island of Carmen, on the Xicalango mainland. This is a low, flat country of jungle, swamps, and numerous small lakes or lagoons, presenting many difficulties to the explorer. Much of it is flooded in the rainy season, from June to December. This, together with the discomfort and mud caused by the incessant rains, necessarily restricts archaeological work in the area to the so-called "dry" season, from January to May, when it rains only every few days. Even in the "dry season" there are numerous stagnant swamps, leftovers from the rains, which effectively hinder exploration.

Dense jungle or low rain forest covers most of the area, especially along the shores of the lagoons, where the trees crowd even into the water, leaving no open shores or beaches except on the tide-washed Gulf coast and Xicalango coast of the Laguna de Términos. The jungle inland, however, is occasionally broken by comparatively open stretches of swamp-water and savanna-land.

The jungle itself consists mainly of coconut palms, wild *aguacates* or avocado trees, and various other tropical trees, especially mangroves, which flourish in the swamps and along the shores of the lagoons where they have the peculiarity of sending many roots out from their branches and back down into the water, forming an impenetrable barrier of tangled roots and branches fronting these shores and making landings impossible for long stretches. In the jungle inland from these mangrove thickets is an almost equally impenetrable under-

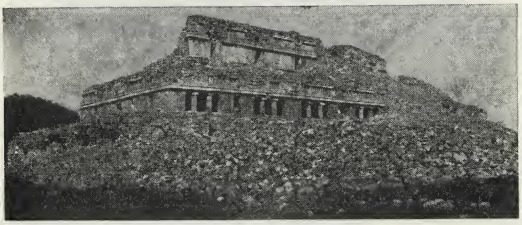
(*Continued on page 144*)



Expedition members landing—modern archaeology by air.



The Black God of the Maya holds the symbol of corn in his hands.



In the state of Yucatan is a massive ruin known as the Palace of Sayil, the building is low and rambling, three stories high, and about one-half block long.

[5] As the "Second Brigham Young University Archaeological Expedition to Middle America." The first such undertaking was an exploring expedition of Brigham Young University to Central and South America in 1900, under the leadership of University president Benjamin Cluff. The expedition of 1948, however, was the first distant archaeological field project of the University to be undertaken through its recently established Department of Archaeology.



IRRIGATED SOILS

(D. W. Thorne and H. B. Peterson. The Blakiston Company, Philadelphia. 288 pages. 74 illustrations. $5.00.)

THIS volume, beautifully printed and bound, will be welcomed wherever irrigation is needed and that means over more than one half of earth's land area. The fertility and management of irrigated soils, basic considerations for permanent irrigation agriculture, are clearly discussed in the light of recent knowledge. How much water is needed, the farmer's insistent question, is given little, probably inadequate attention. The book, in organization and treatment, is essentially suited for classwork, but any intelligent farmer can read its twenty-five chapters with great profit. The frontispiece carries the pictures of Dr. E. W. Hilgard, notable pioneer worker with arid soils, and of Dr. F. S. Harris, distinguished worker in the use of water for irrigation. The book is marred by the implication, in the face of earlier irrigation literature, that twenty-five years ago was the beginning of irrigation knowledge. It is hoped that this excellent book is but the precursor of a new era of irrigation works, which recently has sorely languished.—*J. A. W.*

HUMAN GROWTH

(Lester F. Beck, Ph.D., assisted by Margie Robinson, M. A. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 124 pages. 1949. $2.00.)

HOW life begins and goes on is the theme of this book on sex education for teen-age children. It is an amplified text presenting in clear and simple language with pictorial help the story in the recent successful film, Human Growth. Sound and scientific facts to answer children's questions form the basis of the discussions. The book is proof that sex matters may be discussed with children in a clean and health-promoting manner. All parents would do well to read and use this valuable contribution to the solution of one of the difficult problems of parenthood.—*J. A. W.*

MUDDY WATER

(Henrie Andrews Howell. American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, Washington, D. C. 94 pages. 1949.)

HOW a worn-out farm may be restored to fertility is the theme of this excellent story. What is more important, it points out methods by which a farm never need wear out. While the story is about a rainfall farm, it will be profitable reading for farmers everywhere. The theme is one which for national self-protection should be taught in every school, college, and university.—*J. A. W.*

DRINKING'S NOT THE PROBLEM

(Charles Capp, Jr. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York City, 1949, 179 pages, $2.50.)

THE alcohol habit, drunkenness, is a curse upon the nation. Most treatises on the subject set up possibilities for reforming the alcoholic. This book deals rather with methods of preventing alcoholism. That is more important. So, in very simple, direct language the author states the causes which, in his opinion, lead people to drink alcoholic beverages. He contends that it is not the taste for liquor that is responsible for alcohol-soaked America, but rather conditions existing before drinking begins. His argument is convincing.—*J. A. W.*

UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

(Published by the Utah State Historical Society four times annually. Salt Lake Capitol. Salt Lake City, Utah.)

THE two most recent volumes of the Historical Quarterly have come to our attention. While periodicals would not normally find space on this page, the contents of these volumes are well worth attention. Principally they include accounts of the Exploration of the Colorado River and the High Plateaus of Utah in 1871-72 during the second Powell Expedition, which accounts are taken from the journals of W. C. Powell, Stephen Vandiver Jones, and John F. Steward, with biographical data on the authors of these journals.

Many historical documents and dissertations are to be found within the covers of *Utah Historical Quarterly*, most of which are not readily accessible elsewhere.—*R. L. E.*

LILLIAN WALD: ANGEL OF HENRY STREET

(Beryl Williams. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1948. 216 pages. $2.75.)

THIS biography of Lillian Wald, who became a nurse in order to alleviate the misery and pain and inadequacy of the profession in the late 1800's, should prove of value to the Junior Girls, whose reading course book it is. The dynamic story of a girl born to comforts, who sought out those less fortunate than she and began to mitigate their woes, is one that should prove conducive of good among those who are at the threshold of life—and stimulating to those who have reached maturity.—*M. C. J.*

AN ODD VOLUME OF COOKERY

(Louise Lane Morrisey and Marion Lane Sweeney. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. 203 pages. $2.50.)

SINCE this book of recipes came from the kitchens of Boston's "Club of Odd Volumes," it presents many food delicacies which, as the book states, are "appreciated by the gourmet." It offers some interesting ideas in hors d'oeuvres and in meat and game cookery and would be a novelty for those who can afford many cookbooks. Since it also advocates the use of soda, pepper, and wines in cooking, and boiling of vegetables, it is not a modern volume of health cookery and not particularly valuable as a handbook in the kitchen.—*B. S.*

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

(John Gunther. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949. 363 pages. $3.00.)

WITH his usual facility and unusual phraseology, Gunther quips his way through what he considered calling Inside Outside Russia because he was widely "in Russian-saturated territories." One can't help wondering at times whether the author's delight in the clever phrase and his glibness may give something of a twist that misleads.

Gunther is a clever writer and fascinates his readers with his adroitness. The situation involving Tito and Stalin, as well as the men around Tito, is discussed at length and will prove valuable to those who may be confused by the off-again, on-again characteristics of the Jugoslav-Russian situation. In his discussion of Greece, the author quotes Anne O'Hare McCormick: "Greece is a preview of the frontless, almost faceless war of tomorrow . . . of spectral forces that slip back and forth across the borders."

On the whole the book is a serious attempt to explain situations in Europe to a lethargic America, which has carelessly closed its ears to anything and everything concerning any country but our own since World War II. While Gunther's style prevents its becoming a grim book, *Behind the Curtain* certainly contains elements of grimness.—*M. C. J.*

The Fort on the Firing Line

By Albert R. Lyman



XVIII

BLUFF listened with tingling ears: the log meetinghouse at Monticello had been the scene of a pioneer dance, the anniversary of the arrival of the Saints in Salt Lake Valley more than forty years before. That past event was very significant to the brave pioneers in their isolation at Blue Mountain—they had featured it in a parade; they had sung about it, listened to an enthusiastic oration; and now they were dancing in the midst of their hardships as their ancestors had danced on the plains en route from the eastern states.

To the bad men of the hills, that celebration with its well-executed program of order looked too much like the coming of the hated law. Their dominant impulse was to spoil and devour it, to ride over it, trample it underfoot. With no courage and no excuse to make an aggressive beginning on such a harmless gathering, they smothered with whiskey what little intelligence was still functioning in their vitiated brains, and headed for the dance.

A fellow with red eyes and flushed face staggered into the hall and, seeing that his presence was not relished, he drew his gun and ordered everybody outside. There in the moonlight he harangued and threatened them, declaring in awful words he would kill anyone trying to leave the crowd. His close friend tried to reason with him.

"Listen, Tom," pleaded Joe, "Nobody here wants to hurt you."

But Tom ordered Joe not to come a step nearer.

"See, Tom, I have no gun," Joe went on, confident he could get him to release the terrified crowd with its innocent people, its women and girls, on whom this was a most cowardly imposition. The thing that makes a man better than a brute was missing from Tom's disordered brain. He growled another order to come no nearer or be shot through, but Joe still counted on their friendship and acquaintance of the years and tried to make his reasons clear while the crowd caught its breath in suspense.

A terrible figure, Tom stood there in the moonlight gesticulating with his glittering pistol, shouting his incoherent threats and orders, while the dancers in gay attire watched him as a master tragedian on a stage. Yet this was no drama of things pretended, but a life-crisis of stern reality. With gasps and screams they saw the madman turn his gun on his trusting friend and shoot him to death before their eyes.

Into the cries of hysteria and fright, broke the loud boom of a big gun from another quarter, a shriek, a hush, and words whispered quickly by white lips, "They've killed Aunt Jane!"

A man intending to shoot the murderer and release the crowd had fired accidentally and shot Mrs. Jane Walton near the heart. She had barely time to turn to her son and tell him she was hurt before she fell dead in his arms. Confusion and consternation reigned while the frenzied Tom mounted his waiting horse and dashed away. The quick beat of his hoofs died in the distant night, and he was gone. Ready confederates covered his retreat, gave him full protection of their empire, and he was never brought to judgment, punishment, or even trial. Major problem three towered big in fiendish majesty over the people who marched with bowed heads in that slow funeral procession.

. . . they clung to their forts, they toiled on for their livelihood and ate their humble bread under the humiliating leer of cowpuncher-thieves . . .

The people of Monticello had few cattle and no respected rights on the range. The hills swarmed with "rustlers" waiting for any horse or cow left out of sight. One fellow starting with half a dozen cows made a remarkable record the first season—one of his cows had thirty-five calves! He had an ingenious trick of making a calf

lead willingly behind his horse, and every calf he found old enough to live without its mother, he led away to be adopted into the numerous family of one of his prolific cows in his hideout down among the gulches.

The Texas outfit with their scrawny livestock, every animal displaying the imposing placard: E L K M, on a thousand hills had made aggressive claim to the best springs on the mountain and the best water holes on the winter range.

Hot on the trail one day came an officer from Texas—he had traced his man here, but whether the man was still here peeping from cover or whether he had gone on, the officer could not find out. The outlaw had vanished among the devious hallways of Hotel De Rincone and was not to be found. What were the eager officer and his deputies to do? When they had investigated, they discerned that the only safe thing to do was to go back at once empty-handed to Texas. They went.

An empire was forming in San Juan County, Utah: a pirate's empire with one capital at Rincone and another at the base of Blue Mountain. It was building and growing strong with the dangerous material chased out of the surrounding states and territories. Every day on jaded horses, new subjects arrived at this, the most faraway and the safest retreat from law in all the southwest.

Other officers came with lathering horses on hot trails to San Juan and headed down the river. What was the use? They had chased the rat down a hole, and if they ventured into that hole, they would never come out. They knew that much by the looks and the squeaks of the rats playing and watching there on the surface. All that remained for them was to go back in disgust to Texas, to New Mexico, or Arizona, without bringing back a much-wanted desperado.

All through the western states people heard and believed that there was what they called a "Robber's Roost," an organized gang of outlaws with a headquarters somewhere in southeastern Utah. They were known to have a rendezvous at different places of remoteness in Wyoming, Colorado, and other states and territories, but their active operations in the region of Henry Mountains gave the impression that their center of activity was somewhere in the broken country north of there, possibly on the Dirty Devil or the lower San Rafael.

Mail service of that day was slow and infrequent, telephones non-existent, and false reports taught men to discredit nine-tenths of what they heard. The public was not ready to believe that San Juan County, Utah was the inner and untouchable sanctuary of a far-reaching system, and that all underground railroads and blind trails led, as necessity demanded, to these impregnable rocks where no arrest had ever been made.



In desperation the people of Bluff sought out the owners of the E L K M cattle and asked them to quote a price, but they only smiled in smug amusement. Sell out their hotel? Not on your life—it was the waiting heir to all of San Juan County. Bluff was to be absorbed as one of its lesser assets.

Things looked bad, and a dark shape was appearing on the distant horizon which threatened in its development to sweep the whole troubled region. A bill had been introduced in Congress providing that San Juan County should be given as a reservation to the Piutes and that all white settlers and stockmen be moved out.

THE Piutes had long since been appointed a reservation in Colorado, and had been ordered and then urged to go there. To the orders and to the urges they made flat and uncompromising refusal. They had also invited the Utes from their Colorado reservation to come and join them, and it had seemed about as much as the government could do by threats, and by sending special committees and army officers to San Juan, to induce the runaway Utes to return home. And now, after the seeming inability of Uncle Sam to get the Piutes to take his orders, he seemed to be obsequiously proposing to give official approval of their doing just as they pleased.

The Piutes smiled exultantly

(*Continued on page* 138)

President GEORGE F. RICHARDS *and His*

As Nanny Richards walked alone up the dark and deserted canyon road, there were mixed emotions in her heart. Her fear for her young son was the greater because of her love for him. He had left that morning with a cart and team of oxen to bring home a load of wood from Farmington Canyon. It was long past time for him to return.

Visions of George F. pinned under a fallen tree, run over by the heavy cart, or trampled beneath a maddened ox kept fighting against her knowledge that he was a good woodsman. She knew that although he was only fifteen years of age he had learned how to take care of himself. Many times before he had made the same trip alone. As most other pioneer boys had had to do, he learned early the meaning of independence.

But what could be keeping him?

Mrs. Richards didn't know it on that dark night, but the boy she was seeking was to become one of the best loved and most respected men in the Church. He would serve in many high places, including the Quorum of the Twelve, president of the Salt Lake Temple, and finally President of the Quorum. He was also to gain another distinction, one she could know nothing of then. He was to become the father of one of the largest and most active scouting families in America.



President George F. Richards will be 89 years of age February 23. Shown with him are two members of his scouting family, a son, Ray, center, and Donald, a grandson, left.

MRS. RICHARDS *did not know it, but the boy she was seeking on that dark night was to become one of the best loved and most respected men in the Church.*

That summer morning in 1876, President George F. Richards had set out early. He had ridden the wagon behind the plodding oxen without incident, cut a large load of wood, loaded it, and started for home. But the road was rough and the load heavy, and the wagon tongue broke. It took a long time to make another one, long enough to keep him until after dark. He was sorry he caused his mother the anxiety and the long walk that night, but all his life he has loved her the more for coming after him.

When President Richards was born on February 23, 1861, in Farmington, Utah, the Pioneers had been living in the Salt Lake Valley less than fourteen years. His father, Franklin D., who later also became president of the Quorum of the Twelve, and his mother both had crossed the plains in 1848. They had moved to Farmington at the direction of President Brigham Young and had built a small log cabin.

HE *was also to gain another distinction; one she could know nothing of then. He was to become the father of one of the largest and most active scouting families in America.*

The summer that he had been delayed in the canyon the youth did most of the work in adding two new rooms to this house.

"Early that spring my elder brother went on a mission to England," he recalls. "With the oxen, cart, and chains he left, I hauled wood from the canyon and traded it to the gristmill for grist stuff, to the molasses, and in this way helped provide for the family.

"With cordwood I paid a mason for

Scouting Family

"Youth is not altogether a time of life," President Richards says, "it is a state of mind. People grow old by deserting their ideals."

By Forace Green

laying up a stone wall four and one-half feet high on the south side of our lot. This was laid up with lime mortar. I hauled the lime, the rock, and the sand with the oxen.

"We put an addition of two rooms on our house, the walls of which were built of adobe," he continued. "I hauled all the material, tended the mason, and assisted with the work."

Along with the other boys of his time, President Richards learned to play as well as work. Many a day he started for the canyon an hour or more "before the stars quit shining" in order to get a load of wood and be home for a four o'clock ball game. He liked to play marbles. Baseball was another favorite sport.

President Richards was ordained an elder when he was fifteen and received his endowments at the Endowment House. Shortly after this his mother became very ill. Some of the elders were called in to administer to her. She did not seem to be relieved of her intense suffering.

"When they had gone, my mother called me to her bedside and requested that I administer to her," he relates. "You may imagine how I felt, young as I was, and never having undertaken to administer alone in that sacred ordinance.

"I went into another room, and, after shedding some tears and offering up a fervent prayer, I returned to her room and performed the ordinance of administration as best I knew how. Although my prayer was brief, the Lord heard my prayer and gave her immediate relief and peaceful sleep.

"You may imagine the gratitude I felt," he concluded, "that the Lord would hear and answer the prayers of one so young and inexperienced in such a remarkable way."

Although scouting was not to be founded in the United States until forty-nine years after his birth and thirty-seven years after he became of Scout age, it was to play an important part in the life of President Richards and the life of his large family. Most men at forty-nine have lived a good part of their lives. But in 1910, when scouting came to America, he saw in the program, as did other leaders of the Church, a chance to give our youth the type of activity program they needed.

There was no question in his mind but that the program was divinely inspired. Lord Baden-Powell, he thought, had put into it most of the elements that a boy program should have. "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God," the Scout oath started. The law ended with "A Scout is Reverent." As a supplement to the Aaronic Priesthood program it was ideal.

ARTHUR A. SCHUCK, *Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, visited President Richards while in Salt Lake City recently and complimented him on having the largest scouting family in America.*



ARTHUR A. SCHUCK

"Any boy who goes through the merit badge program has the equivalent of a junior college education," President Richards said. "It is a valuable part of the program of the Church."

In 1882 President Richards married Alice Almira Robinson. By 1910 they had ten daughters and five sons. All of these are still living except two girls. The three eldest boys were too old to join the program as Scouts, but the two youngest registered. Oliver L. had reached the second class rank when his Scoutmaster was drafted in 1917 and the troop became inactive. Ray became one of the best known Scouts in the United States. Bishop LeGrand has never been a Scout but has been active as a Scouter.

There are now thirty living grandsons. Everyone of them is or has been a Scout. They have far excelled the average record for advancement. In the Salt Lake Council, which is above the national average, only about twenty-eight percent of Scouts registering reach the first-class rank. Of the thirty in the Richards family, twenty-five, or well over eighty percent, became first-class Scouts or better. Ten became star Scouts, three reached the life rank, and four have so far become Eagles. This is about thirteen percent making the top rank. This is far above the national average of between two percent and three percent.

Of the thirty-six great-grandsons, only four are now twelve years of age or over. All four are active in scouting. One is a star, one a first-class, one a second-class, and one a tenderfoot Scout. All are still advancing.

Collectively this is a wonderful record. There are thirty-two great-grandsons too young to become Scouts, but the family tradition will assure them all a chance to take part in the program.

Individually, the record is just as impressive. Many of the group have been Scouters; one is a field executive in Hawaii. Any boy who reaches the Eagle rank has an individual story. There are five of these in the family. All agree, however, that the record made by Ray, youngest son of President Richards, is the most impressive.

Ray Richards was born in Salt Lake City on October 11 of the year scouting was born in America forty years ago this month. He registered as a tenderfoot when he was twelve and advanced rapidly. He wasn't satisfied with the Eagle

(*Concluded on page 134*)

The SPIRIT PATH...

A Sketch of Indian Art

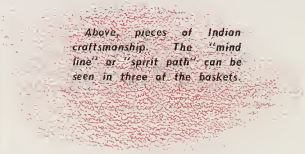
By KARL E. YOUNG
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

WHEN the armed men who had been hunting down Old Posey[1] during the last Indian uprising in Utah in 1920 found the old Piute[2] warrior dead in a cave on a remote hillside, they discovered beside his withered body a rifle and a woven willow water jug. The rifle was a lever action Winchester such as could have been bought over any counter in a good country store during the first twenty years of the century, but the water jug was something special. It was shaped like a giant gourd with a slender, tapering neck, and a beautifully symmetrical base. It was constructed of long, smooth withes split from the tough shoots of the squawbush that grows along canyon streams in Utah. The jug had been made watertight by rolling hot pitch all over its inner surfaces. The crevices in the woven-work had been partially sealed with pitch on the outside also, and the gum gave a warm brown tinge to the surface of the vessel. It was a handsome piece of Piute craftsmanship, and the aged chief, who had given up his life bravely but ignorantly, fighting for his beloved Indian pattern of living, had taken his final remnant of the Indian way with him to his last campfire.

The day has been when such baskets as Old Posey's were relatively common in Utah, especially in the homes of oldtimers of San Juan and Grand counties. Many excellent woven water jugs of the type must have hung from the rail all around the gallery in Redd's fascinating store in Blanding, or stood on the shelves in Wing's Trading Post at Fort Duchesne, for the Piutes were artists of unusual ability in the craft of basketry, and their talents were known and respected by Indians of other tribes as well as by white people. Down south of the Piute country the Navajos and Hopis have used a shallow Piute basket for their wedding ceremonies for so long that this special basket has become a fixed part of the traditional wedding ceremony of the Navajos. It is the basket in which the sacred, hand-ground, blue corn meal is served by the bride to her mother-in-law and her mother, and then to her father-in-law and her father. After the principals at the wedding have each eaten some of this corn meal, the Piute wedding basket is passed around for all of the guests to take a pinch of the bride's sacred meal and thus participate in the ceremonies more intimately than they would as mere spectators.



Maggie Mountain Sheep, old-time Ute woman from Ouray on the Green River. She wove the basket out of split squawbush.



Above, pieces of Indian craftsmanship. The "mind line" or "spirit path" can be seen in three of the baskets.

The design of this wedding basket is simple and bold. From a soft, brown band of color midway up the basket graceful black pyramids rise toward the rim; inverted pyramids fall from the same brown band toward the center. That is all there is to it, but the effect is strikingly beautiful. Apart from the artistic merit of the design, one of the most fascinating bits of folklore in all Indian art survives in this old pattern. It will be noticed that the design does not quite close. The narrow line that breaks the pattern is called by anthropologists the "mind-line" or "spirit-line." According to some explanations, the basket weaver leaves the opening for evil spirits to get out of the basket and for good spirits to come in. Another explanation is that the weaver fears that if she continues to put part of her mind into each basket that she weaves, without leaving a place for the mind to get back out, she will eventually "go crazy."

In addition to the interest and beauty of the design of the Piute wedding basket, the durability of the basket is remarkable. So sturdily is it constructed that when it is turned upside down a grown man can stand on it without fear of crushing it. Moreover, it can withstand years of scuffing about before the tough squawbush withes wear through. And even then the basket does not come to pieces when a few withes are broken. Almost never do the coiled squawbush cores give way, and the withes with which the cores are wrapped hold their shape very stubbornly. Very

[1] See The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain, IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. 39.
[2] Other spellings are: Pah'yut, Piute, Paiute.

few wedding presents that are given today by white people could be expected to outlast a Piute wedding basket.

The art of basketry was developed especially among nomadic Indians. Perhaps the chief reason for this lay in the fact that clay pottery could not hold up under the bumps and hard knocks that were inevitable when people were continually moving camp. Hence the camp dwellers came to depend upon durable basketry-type water jugs and other woven household implements instead of earthen jars.

The baskets they wove took several forms, according to the use to which they were put and the materials out of which they were made. Some items had to be rigid, as for example, trays for holding food, pack baskets for carrying heavy loads, and broad, shield-shaped implements for winnowing pine nuts and other seeds. Such articles were made by interlacing or weaving together willows, slender twigs, or strips of wood carefully split or peeled from the sap wood of chosen trees or bushes. In the Utah area the squawbush provided the finest material for this kind of weaving, and the Utes and Piutes became experts at handling this stubborn raw material. Another type of fabrication was necessary when soft and pliant articles were needed. Thus cradles called for twisting and twining of soft fibers on a rigid framework. Grasses, bark, and roots lent themselves to the demands in this direction, and articles varying from primitive "market-bags" to warm robes, in which fluffy feathers were twined together with twisted bark, resulted from this kind of weaving. Still a third type of basketry may be distinguished in the process of matting together reeds and rushes for walls in dwellings, floor coverings, roofing, and other comparable uses.

From what has just been said about basketry, the reader may easily conclude that it was in reality a primitive process of textile manufacturing. Almost everything which the Indian wove had first of all a practical purpose. Later, when the immediate necessity had been satisfied, the craftsman could think of decoration. The chief means of decoration were dyes and paints which the Indian boiled down from vegetables or mixed up with clay and animal fats. Sometimes he put symbols into his weaving because of some religious belief or superstitious

(*Continued on following page*)

Native Americans at a roadside shelter where they display and sell to passersby objects of Indian art

Photograph by T.J. & A. Bloom



(*Continued from preceding page*)

fear. But it would be wrong to suppose that every design or figure in a design meant something to the Indian who created it. Very frequently the stars, crosses, zigzags, triangles, and bars that appear in Indian designs were employed simply because they appealed to the weaver as being attractive. I have a large beaded purse in my own collection with a design found nowhere in Indian art. The woman who made the purse had copied a medal such as soldiers used to wear, ribbon, pendant, and all. And she liked it so much that she recopied it on the purse. Even images that can be identified in nature, such as the thunderbird (the eagle), scorpions, snakes, fishes, and leaves of familiar plants often have no particular significance. And when they do have significance for the weaver, it would be unsafe to suppose that they would have the same meaning for other Indians, even of the same tribe. In other words the use of images by artists was commonly personal, and if they put meaning into their patterns, the meanings were individual rather than universal. The creator would generally have to tell other Indians what his design meant if he intended that they should know it.

The same generalization may be made about designs or patterns in Indian pottery, blankets and beadwork. Though many symbolic elements exist in the decorations, the symbolism is not so common as white men are likely to suppose. Though the representation of the sun, stars, clouds, rain, and lightning in some pleasing way may have made primitive Indians feel that good effects would naturally follow, later artists using the same motifs may have had nothing in mind except attractive decoration. As symbols become conventionalized, they lose in meaning. Even the interpretation of the "mind line" in the pattern of the Piute wedding basket, which was discussed above, may not be acceptable for any one basketmaker today. The woman who decided to weave a wedding basket might go ahead with the traditional pattern that has always been used on wedding baskets without even a thought about what the pattern meant—if it meant anything to her at all.

Let us turn our attention now for a few moments to rug and blanket weaving. The practice of this craft was greatly accelerated among Indians in the West after the arrival of the Spaniards in New Mexico during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Yarn made from sheep and goat wool was much easier to work and to control than the clumsy bark fibers and scarce cotton which native craftsmen had employed before. Within a short time the Indians' inborn feeling for color and line led them to create some of the marvelous fabrics which made Navajo blankets so famous. Some of the most beautiful early blankets were made by Indian women who unraveled the fine yarn from brilliant Spanish uniforms and rewove it in typical Indian patterns. These were the so-called *bayetas*, blankets that are prized collectors' items today.

Oldtime blanket weavers almost never put a border around their blankets. The pattern ran in bars or wavy lines from one edge of the blanket straight across to the other edge. Sometimes the lines were zigzagged, sometimes even broken into fragments, but the pattern ran through from edge to edge. Some experts have seen in this characteristic of oldtime pattern in blankets the same precaution that led ancient basket weavers to leave the "mind line" in a basket design. However, as Navajo blankets became famous, commercial interests led the Indian weavers to frame their designs with borders, and thus enclose the "mind line" or "spirit line" within the pattern.



Both baskets and blankets may have been comparatively easy for nomadic tribesmen to work at, but pottery-making generally required a more or less permanent location because of the fragile nature of the clay vessels. Hence the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest have become the most distinguished pottery makers, while the Navajo herdsmen and the tipi-dwelling (teepee) Apaches and Piutes have become some of the outstanding blanket and basket weavers. Oddly enough the ancient potters of the Southwest region produced better pottery than Indians of historic times. The shapes of the vessels, the designs employed, and the glaze or surfacing of ancient pots was generally superior to those of more recent times. Nevertheless, the methods used by modern pottery makers seem to resemble closely those of prehistoric workers. Perhaps the commonest method is to build up a vessel by adding strips upon a clay base until the desired height is reached. Sometimes a basket is used to hold the soft clay walls in shape until they have hardened enough to set well. The practice of forming the clay vessel within a basket may have given rise to the "basket design," which is common on Southwest pottery, for the damp clay must have received the impression from the wickerwork of the basket, and the potter took advantage of this ready-made decoration.

Some of the earliest vessels had painted decorations on the inside. This fact may be accounted for by our knowledge that many pots were used in fires, and the outside surfaces became blackened and grimy and hence unfit for decoration. Later, when people found use for clay vessels other than as cooking utensils, they began to paint and incise patterns on exterior surfaces. Certain tribes of Indians developed a very attractive style of design by painting birds and deer or other animals and plants on their pots. They thus gave life and motion to objects which never move. The Zunis and Acomas have shown unusual taste in this direction. The fact that the animals have become stylized or conventionalized does

(*Concluded on page* 134)



How America's first service station was born

One day back in 1907, a Standard of California man stood watching a line of impatient motorists in goggles and linen dusters waiting to buy five-gallon cans of gasoline at Standard's Seattle plant. He had an idea for serving customers more efficiently, more conveniently.

The next day a thirty-gallon tank which had been a kitchen water heater was installed opposite the main gate at the plant. To it were attached a valve-controlled hose and a glass gauge... so gas could be poured directly into the customers' cars.

That makeshift arrangement was the first service station in America.

Today there are more than 10,000 Company and Independent Dealer stations selling Standard of California products. The services and conveniences they offer... the improved products they sell... would probably make them hard to recognize by the men who developed the first station. For the people of Standard today, as then, continue to seek ways to make better products—and to serve better the people who use them.



TODAY'S Family

Burl Shepherd, Editor

FABRIC FINISHES...

Do You Know Them?

II

WILL it wash? Will it iron? Will it hold its shape for months of service? We all ask ourselves and the salesclerks these questions, often with quite unsatisfactory answers. This is the second article on fabric finishes designed to acquaint the shopper with some of the ways of modern clothing manufacture.



—*Photograph by Harold M. Lambert Studios*

SIZING AND WEIGHING

Sizing (*Durable Starchless finishes*): Home starching methods of past days are no longer needed on such fabrics as lawn, organdy, dotted swiss, net, and draperies. These are now treated to retain their permanent stiffness, and require no addition of starch after laundering. In this treatment the fiber fuzz is sealed down, and the yarns are smooth, so the fabric feels smooth to the hand. They keep clean longer, as dirt does not become embedded in the fibers, and are easily laundered. This finish is used on cotton, linen, and rayon. Here again there are many trade names — "Bellmanized," "Permastarch," "Apponized," "Sayleryzed," "Wat-a-set"—but labels change rapidly, and there is no point in memorizing names; it is best to look for some identification of a permanent finish.

The "Wat-a-set" label on rayon drapery material also carries a guarantee to repel destruction by the silver fish insect. In some localities this tiny culprit has been eating its head off on rayons. The insect is about one-third inch long, but so fine in structure it can scarcely be seen. It glides across moist surfaces like a fish, and no damage is apparent until the draperies are laundered—then small holes show up. Insect repellency is another innovation in fabric finishes.

Weighting. Because various women's groups in the United States combined their efforts successfully in having a law passed regarding silk labeling, there is little or no weighted silk on the market now. Silk, according to law, may be weighted with metallic salts up to seventy-five percent of the weight of the fabric, if it is so labeled. But if the terms *pure-dye silk, pure silk,*



or *silk,* are used, such fabrics may contain no metallic weighting and must not contain more than ten percent dyeing and finishing material, except black silk, which may contain fifteen percent. Weighted silks were never satisfactory from the standpoint of durability because of splitting, and because of the destructive effects of sun, water, and perspiration on them.

(*Continued on page 128*)

BLUEPRINT FOR Beauty



ALL OUR WEAKNESSES

ASSUMING that we all have imperfections and that most of us would do something about them if we just knew what to do, we now approach the discouraging task of listing all our weaknesses. Oh, my!

Well, it's not so bad. The worst mess we can possibly get into would be one including overweight, poor posture, bowed legs, dry, lifeless hair, bad breath, yellow teeth, dull eyes, wrinkles, acne, rough hands, broken nails, dirty elbows, negative mental attitude, a couple of allergies, and poor taste in clothes. Can you think of others?

Most of these undesirable elements can be worked over to advantage. Not all. There are some things we just have to accept—for instance, our general contour, our height, and our birthdays. But these are no cause for grief. Many, many people can testify that our greatest trial may be our greatest blessing, and that if we're smart, we'll look for it.

But it may cheer us up to look at the credit side of the ledger, and list there our advantages. These may not be so numerous, but they are decidedly important, for the



girl who is wide-awake *emphasizes her best feature*, whether it be thick, shining hair, beautiful eyes, a well-proportioned figure, or simply grace on the dance floor. Everyone has some attribute of beauty which may be outstanding, and this is the secret of individuality.

Take our voices, for instance—not our singing voices, our speaking voices. For although first impressions may come from appearance, second impressions, which are more lasting and vital, come when we open our mouths and speak. A well-modulated voice, good enunciation, correct grammar, and something interesting to talk about are indispensable to the person who would be charming. "Your voice," says one beauty teacher, "is really the contact point between the inside you and the outside world."[1]

(*Continued on following page*)

[1]Ann Ashton, "Classroom Notes," page 20

Soup's on!

SAVE those potato peelings, carrot tops, celery, cabbage and spinach leaves for the soup pot. Rich in vitamins A, B, and C, calcium and iron, they are the essence of good hot soup. They may be simmered together with water to cover for half an hour, and the broth used as a basic stock for many soup varieties.

Tuna Chowder

1 medium onion, sliced
1 tablespoon fat
1 cup boiling water or vegetable broth

(*Continued on page* 127)



To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift* and *gentle* care,
I shun all washday *wear* and *tear*.

And when with me you've had your way
I'm cleansed of *'Tattle-Tale-ish'* Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"





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All Our Weaknesses

(*Continued from page 125*)

It is the sounding board of emotion. It reveals what we think of ourselves, what we think of others, what we know, and what we have become.

A loud, coarse voice, for instance, is usually associated with an undesirable person. High-pitched, nasal, or raspy tones are also disagreeable to others. Few people are blessed with naturally beautiful speaking voices, but those who are can be charming and attractive even though lacking many other beauty traits. Therefore, it behooves us, in our beauty plan, to check up on our speech habits, for the man or woman who talks well is more easily admired than one who does not.

Voice recordings are always revealing, for we do not hear ourselves as others hear us, and a recording may be played over and over to reveal defects in speech. Also, friends and teachers may, if asked, point out in a friendly way our speech weaknesses. The causes of poor speech are many and varied, making speech correction an individual problem. But all of us may learn gentler voice tone, clearer speech, and good grammar. Many books on voice training are available, and we would all do well to read at least one.

We may learn much about ourselves and our voices by developing a sensitivity to the reactions of others when we speak; for instance, do people on the bus turn and look when we talk in what we think are normal tones? Does the one we're talking to wince or look annoyed occasionally, or does he ask us to repeat what we have said?

We might also choose an ideal to watch and study, for most of us learn a good deal if we are alert to what others are doing and saying.

Elbert Hubbard has said that the way to get a mild, gentle, and sympathetic voice is to be mild, gentle, and sympathetic. And perhaps, after all, as far as most of us are concerned, it is our attitude toward life and toward others which determines whether we shall one day write with a flourish "the voice with a smile" on the credit page of our personal achievements.

Soup's On!

(*Continued from page* 125)

3 teaspoons salt
3 potatoes, washed and sliced, not peeled
1 7-oz. can tuna
1 cup peas, cooked
3 cups milk

Saute onions in tuna oil or other fat. Add water, salt, and potatoes. Simmer until potatoes are cooked (about fifteen minutes), then add tuna, peas, and milk. Heat and serve. Minced parsley or other herb favorites may be added for flavor.

Corn and Tomato Chowder

¼ cup minced onion
⅓ cup diced celery
2 cups raw potatoes, diced
2 cups boiling water or vegetable broth
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon basil
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups corn, cooked
1½ cup milk
1 cup tomatoes
4 teaspoons salt
½ cup grated cheese

Tie seasonings in small bag, and place with butter, onion, celery, potatoes, and water in covered kettle, and cook till the potatoes are tender. Remove bag of seasonings. Add the other ingredients and stir till the cheese is melted.

Leek and Potato Soup

4 leeks, minced (use the white and part of the green)
1 small onion
2 tablespoons butter
1 quart water or vegetable broth
2 teaspoons salt
3 potatoes, diced
2 cups milk

Put leeks and onions in saucepan with fat. Cover and cook till soft. Add water, salt, potatoes, and cook. Add hot milk when ready to serve. Meaty-flavored extract such as Savita or Vegex, bouillon cubes, or other meat extracts may be added for flavor.

Creamed Vegetable Soup

Using any available green leaves, carrot tops, etc., as mentioned in paragraph one, add thick peelings of potatoes, a cup of diced parsley, diced, unpeeled carrots, and simmer together one-half hour. Mash through a sieve, retaining all pulp possible. Add cream or rich milk and season to taste. This may be thickened with a little flour and milk mixture, if desired.



Which is Mrs. Collins' PET BABY?

... ALL FOUR

One wee baby is enough to fill your whole world with happiness. But Mrs. Collins discovered that a mother's love is big enough for *four*, when the stork paid her an amazing visit in a New York hospital on May 4, 1949.

In the midst of her joy, Mrs. Collins had some serious questions. Would *all* her loving care bring her babies safely through? They were so tiny, so delicate that their lives could hang upon a single thing: the right food.

Happily, this problem was solved when a wise physician approved milk made by the producers of Sego Milk for their feeding. He knew that this milk is the kind of milk that helps all babies to build strong bodies and to make the best of growth. Always easy to digest. Every drop uniformly rich in the food substances of good whole milk. And as safe, in its sealed container, as if there were no harmful germs in the world. He knew, too, that this milk supplies vitamin D — the sunshine vitamin all babies must have in order to develop straight, strong bones and sound teeth.

How are the Collins babies today? Thriving — just as five other sets of quadruplets, hundreds of triplets, thousands of twins and singly-born babies are thriving on milk made by the producers of Sego Milk, on doctors' orders. Ask *your* doctor about Sego Milk for your baby.

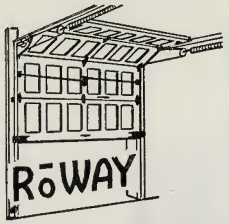
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Or Write to ALL-O-WHEAT CO.
Ogden, Utah

FABRIC FINISHES

(*Continued from page* 124)

Mercerization

Mercerization is a chemical finish which is widely used today to give cottons and linens greater strength and to enable them to take a clearer, brighter, and more permanent dye. The process changes the structure of cotton fibers, taking out the twists which give the fabric its inherent dullness, and effecting a lasting and pleasing shine on the material. It consists of a caustic soda bath and a mild acid rinse, accomplished under heat and pressure.

Water Repellents
Waterproofing

What is the difference between a water-repellent garment, and one that is waterproof?

Water repellents are chemicals which penetrate only the fibers of the cloth and leave the "pores" open so that air can permeate them, and the garment is comfortable to wear. Waterproofing is a coat-

PRECEDENT

is Important, but . . .

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

Suppose that someone who needs something approaches us for some service—a service that is reasonable and honorable and easily within our reach. And suppose that we hide behind the actual or alleged fear of precedent in refusing the favor. In short, suppose we say: "I'd like to do it for you, but if I do it for you, I'll have to do it for everyone. I am so sorry." Certainly this sounds like logic, and certainly it can be used as a convenient way out. But let's see where such logic could lead: Suppose that a boat overturns and there are several men in danger of drowning and we refuse to save any of them because we can't save all of them. To add other illustrations: Suppose that if we can't go to everyone's party, we assume that we shouldn't go to anyone's party; suppose that if we can't invite everyone to dinner, we don't invite anyone to dinner. These are samples of what such seemingly simple logic could lead to if pursued to absurdity. We know to begin with that, individually, we can't do something for everyone. But should this be construed as a valid reason why we shouldn't do anything for anyone? The fact is that if we didn't ever do anything for *anyone* that we couldn't do for *everyone*, we would never do anything for anyone. Of course, precedent is important; and departure from precedent can be embarrassing. And certainly under some circumstances we may be clearly prevented by precedent; under some circumstances we may be clearly bound by invariable rules and by the intent and letter of the law. But if we always let the premise of precedent prevent us from doing something we could do and should do, we may never do very much of anything for anyone else or for ourselves, either. When the right of discretion and decision is ours, and when the facts seem to justify, just because we can't do something for everybody is no reason why we shouldn't do something for somebody. If we wait until we can do something for everyone, we'll never do anything for anyone.

"The Spoken Word" from Temple Square presented over Columbia Broadcasting System, December 4, 1949

ing applied to close the pores of the cloth and keep water from going through. Since it also keeps air from going through, garments so treated are uncomfortable in warm weather and are detrimental to health.

There are two types of water repellents, both of which make fabrics resistant to water, rain, snow, and non-oily spots: (a) durable—in which chemicals are used to impregnate the yarn fibers and will not wash out; they are applied to cottons, linen, viscose rayon, silk, or mixtures; (b) non-durable—in which a wax-type chemical is used to coat the yarn. This finish will need to be replaced after washing or dry cleaning, but many cleaning establishments are equipped to give this service. The finish may be applied to any fabric.

The label should state whether or not the treatment is durable for the normal life of the fabric. Otherwise the garment likely will not be water repellent after the first cleaning. "Zelan" is a trade name for a durable finish, as is "Cravenette" if the label also states "long life." "Aridex" and "Impregnole" are non-durable finishes.

Finishes are Never-Ending

There are other finishes: Flock dots applied to cottons are not permanent unless they are electrically applied and not pasted on; the moiré finish applied to rayons is not permanent unless the fabric is acetate rayon; design finishes embossed (stamped under pressure) on a fabric are not permanent and require careful handling if the finish is to be retained.

The dry goods department manager may supply information on fabrics which are mildew or moth resistant, flame resistant, permanently glazed, or even germproof for cotton.

Since labels and finishes are constantly changing, there is no definite guarantee of buyer-satisfaction if one asks for materials by their trade names. If we want crease-resistant cotton, we must ask for crease-resistant cotton and make sure the label states that it is treated so. Otherwise the purchase is "a

(*Continued on following page*)

New CASE Ventilated Bale



CURES FASTER AND MORE UNIFORMLY

SAVES MORE NUTRIENTS, VITAMINS, MINERALS

MAKES STILL HIGHER QUALITY HAY

The Case Slicer-Baler for 1950 puts up ventilated bales—and it's the only baler that does. It's a proved baler, already used by more farmers than any other. And remember—it's the slicer-baler that costs less to own.

For two years, an agricultural college compared ventilated bales and ordinary bales, side by side. The tests included different lots of hay, and a variety of weather—some of it very poor for hay curing. Expert hay graders did the judging. They found that the ventilated bales averaged consistently higher in grade.

Plan now to feed hay of still higher quality . . . save grain and concentrates . . . put more meat on the ribs and more milk in the pail. See your Case dealer now; learn how little it costs to have your own Case Slicer-Baler, avoid waiting on others. And be sure to use the coupon, today.

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Mark machines that interest you; write in margin any others you may need; mail to J. I. Case Co., Dept. B-44, Racine, Wis.

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DRINK
Ficgo
A delightful hot beverage for those who don't drink coffee.
AT YOUR GROCERS

FABRIC FINISHES

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

pig in a poke." Instructions as to proper care of material are also important, for a finish permanent to dry cleaning may not be permanent in the wash water. On the other hand, a finish which is temporary today may be made permanent tomorrow, and if so, the label will tell the story.

Clothing and textiles, like food, are indispensable essentials in life, and though it is often difficult to keep up with scientific use and abuse of them, to do so is profitable.

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DO'S AND DON'TS FOR THE PARTY

WHAT to do, what to say! The formal party is on the way!

1. A girl always takes her partner's right arm at a formal ball, or on entering the dining room at a formal dinner.

2. A boy always thanks his partner for a dance. She may say "Thank you" or reply "I enjoyed it, too."

3. In trying to press through the crowd on the ballroom floor, the boy precedes the girl. He does not use her as a bumper to clear the path.

4. A girl does not parade across the ballroom unescorted.

5. A boy does not leave his partner to shift for herself at any time. He makes sure she has another partner or is otherwise appropriately taken care of.

6. If there is music at a party, other than for dancing, it is extremely rude to talk or move about while it is going on. Guests who do not care for it should go to another room before it starts.

7. At the punch table, if there is no one to serve, the boy serves both himself and his partner. The girl does not serve herself.

8. On being introduced to a boy, a girl may either bow slightly or shake hands if she prefers. When a boy or girl comes into a room full of people, it is courteous to shake hands with everyone unless there are too many people, or some are difficult to reach. The guests should always shake hands with the host and hostess.

9. When being introduced, it is best to say simply "How do you do" not "I am pleased to meet you" or something similar. Neither is it good form to say "I am so pleased to have met you," as this is rather affected. Say preferably, "I hope I shall see you again."

10. When a boy is introduced to a group, his name is not repeated to each person. It is best to mention his name first, and then to name the members of the group.

11. "I don't mind if I do" is ungracious .and affected. A simple "Yes, thank you" or "Thank you very much" is better. Simplicity always makes for better manners.

12. It is bad taste for either a girl or a boy to use a comb or nail file in public.

13. Profanity is always in bad taste.

14. Chewing gum in public detracts from the appearance of a boy or girl.

15. The social gesture of greatest importance in public is not to make any gesture which is conspicuous. It is good manners in a restaurant or at a dance not to be noticed for anything but good looks or smart appearance.

16. A girl always likes to be told she looks well, whether the compliment comes from a man or a woman. It is bad taste, however, for a boy to pay a girl lavish compliments.

17. If her partner is not present, a girl helps another girl into her coat. Fellows always help each other.

18. A boy does not walk along the street with a girl with his arm through hers. He may take it briefly at a curb, or ask her to take his if

it is slippery, but it is always an occasion, not an everyday gesture.

19. A boy always walks on the outside, that is, nearest the street, whether he is with one girl or two or three. He does not walk between two girls. In a taxi or car which he is not driving, he sits on the left side if he is with one girl or between them if there are two. He alights from a car, streetcar, or bus ahead of the lady, in order to assist her in getting out.

20. A young woman always gives a young man every opportunity to display gracious manners. If he does not do so, she must cover up his errors as best she can and make no sign by word or look that he is lacking in social graces. If she does not enjoy his company, she need not go with him again.

A Pair of Skates

(*Continued from page* 106)

He skated around, trying to think of some way to increase his speed just a little. A little was all he would need. He was sure of that.

When he came back over by the bonfire, he met Verne.

"Hi," Verne said casually.

"Hello," Joe replied.

"I'd like to talk with you alone a minute," Verne said.

Joe looked a little surprised. Maybe this was it. Maybe Verne would try to buy his way in, because he knew Joe wanted those skates.

"All right," he said. Might as well find out, anyway.

They went off to the side a little. Then Joe noticed Verne had an extra pair of skates with him. Swell ones, just like his own. They sat down on a log.

Verne said quietly, "I think you or I will win our race today. If I win, I want it to be all fair and square. I know your skates aren't very good, so I thought maybe you'd wear these. Then if I win, I'll know you had just as good a chance as I did."

Joe swallowed. Then he grinned, a little shamefaced.

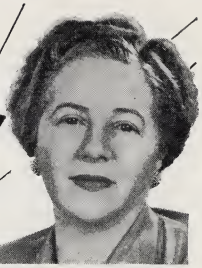
"I really shouldn't take them, Verne," he said, "but I'm going to."

"I'm glad," Verne said. "And if you ever want to borrow them again, you may."

When it was time for the race, the boys lined up. There were

(*Concluded on following page*)

"Tender, tasty, every time!"





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(Continued from preceding page)

plenty of them running, but to Verne and Joe there were only the two of them. Neither had any worries about anyone else.

Joe found the new skates giving him a little more speed, a little more sureness. But he wasn't sure it was enough. Verne had always outdistanced him before. Maybe he still would.

At the starting gun, they sprang into action. In the first fifty yards they began to string out. Then Joe and Verne came out in front, each striving to outdo the other.

The race was to the end of the pond, around a post frozen in the ice, and back to their starting line. They began cutting wide to make the turn around the post. Then Joe found he was going to be on the outside of the turn. He tried to increase speed so as to get ahead of Verne and take the inside track around the post, but it was impossible. Verne held with him. Then they cut in to make the turn, and Joe had to drop behind. Stroking foot over foot they came around. As they passed the post, Joe cut more sharply in and took the inside track. By so doing he picked up the few feet he had lost when they started around the turn.

As they came into the home stretch in a dead heat, Joe glanced aside at Verne. His own breath was coming hard, but Verne's seemed to be coming harder. With new hope, Joe struck out in a sprint over the last hundred yards. Gamely Verne held with him. But it couldn't last. Because Verne was not one of the gang, he hadn't skated as much as Joe, and his wind wasn't as good. Slowly Joe pulled ahead, an inch at a time. Verne made one last desperate attempt to pull out ahead, but Joe held his lead. They flashed over the finish line within a few feet of each other.

Joe knew that was the hardest race he ever had run. He also knew he couldn't have won it if Verne hadn't lent him the good skates.

Both of them were puffing hard as Verne skated up to Joe.

"Congratulations," he said, smiling that casual friendly smile that asked nothing, that seemed afraid of being rebuffed.

Joe smiled in return. But this time his was a frank, friendly smile. He knew now his mother was right. He had to do something to fix things up right.

"Mother said I could have some of the fellows up for doughnuts after the carnival," he said. "Will you come?"

"Gee, that'll be swell," Verne smiled frankly this time, and Joe saw that everything was going to be all right.

He felt at ease now. "Let's go over and watch the rest of the races," he said, and they skated off together.

"The Conduct of ONE HOUR . . ."

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

THERE is an old Oriental proverb which reads, "The reputation of a thousand years may be determined by the conduct of one hour."[1] Sometimes it may not seem to be just and fair for such short intervals to be so all-important—for things that matter so much to be made and unmade by the act of one moment—or for the labor of a lifetime to be laid low by one ill-advised hour. But it isn't the length of time that matters so much as what goes before, or what has happened inside, to make any particular act or action possible—the qualities of character, the habits, the thinking that precede our performance. Some things we do, no doubt, are only inadvertent acts, and some may be unmistakable accidents; but there is a set of background circumstances that leads to every act and incident. The word that can't be recalled, the deed that can't be undone—these may be only occurrences of carelessness, or they may be evidence of something more significant inside. Of course, we all make mistakes, but when a man makes a serious mistake, he must expect to be placed on probation in the opinion of other people until they satisfy themselves as to whether the mistake was an inadvertent error or an indication of some corrosion of character, some lack of loyalty, some perversion of principle. Of course, people can repent, and when repentance is sincere, we must accept it. We can and must forgive a repentant person for a momentary misstep. But it is often easier for men to forgive than to forget, and somehow old errors may keep cropping up—and this is only one reason, besides what happens inside, why it is so everlastingly important to be on guard against the ill-advised action of any one moment, of any one hour, or of all the hours of life. The reputation of a lifetime—and many things more important even than reputation—may be determined by the conduct of one hour or by the misstep of a moment. There is no doubt of it, there is a premium paid for constancy and consistency of performance—there is a premium paid for enduring consistently to the end.

[1] Japanese Proverb

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Oliver "66", "77" and "88" tractors are built in 6 basic types and 8 variations

THE SPIRIT PATH

(*Concluded from page* 122)

not detract from the vitality which they give to the objects they adorn.

Some of the most beautiful modern Indian pottery is fashioned at Santa Clara and San Ildefonzo. In both of these pueblos a glossy black and a tawny sand-red finish are given to vessels. Both colors are obtained from the same kind of clay. The difference is a result of the firing process. The black is achieved when the smoke from the caked sheep manure with which the pots are burned is carefully controlled. The carbon combines with the clay to produce the fine black.

Some Indian pottery is so symmetrical as to make one believe that it could not have been shaped except upon a potter's wheel. But Indians have never adopted the wheel. Their pots are formed freehand.

Indians all over the West have found Navajo silver work to their liking. The Navajos learned silver from the Mexicans and became very proficient at making various kinds of articles for use and adornment. Belt buckles, buttons of all sizes, pins, rings, and necklaces were pounded out of Mexican coin silver with very primitive tools. Mexican dollars, which the Indians melted down, had a very high percentage of sterling in them, and the bracelets made out of this silver wore smooth and developed a lustre of great beauty.

In this brief discussion I have mentioned only Indian arts that have already found a place in the white man's way of life. The proficiency which Indian craftsmen have developed in beadwork and embroidery, leatherwork, and the use of feathers in costuming is universally appreciated in the West. Indian art is individual and strong, and our own art will be added to and strengthened as we learn to assimilate more fully the ideas and patterns of our red brothers.

THE SCOUTING FAMILY OF PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS

(*Concluded from page* 119)

rank, but went on to conquer the field of merit badges. It takes twenty-one to become an Eagle. By the time Ray was eighteen he had earned seventy-four of the seventy-six merit badges available. Only one other Scout in the United States had that many. He was Wendell Gibbs, of Ray's own Ram Patrol in Troop 39. They lacked only canoeing and seamanship, and these weren't given locally at that time.

That same year Ray attended the International Jamboree in England. He won many honors while there and was recognized internationally for his scouting achievements. After the Jamboree he stayed on in Europe to fill an L.D.S. mission in Germany.

When he returned home, Ray continued in the program. He moved to Springville where he became a commissioner, and he earned more merit badges as they were added to the program. He now has eighty-nine and is still working in scouting with his son Donald, who is a first-class Scout seeking the Eagle.

Although President Richards will be eighty-nine on February 23, 1950, he is still a young man. "Youth is not altogether a time of life," he says, "it is a state of mind. People grow old by deserting their ideals."

"We are as young as our faith, as old as our despairs."

It was this spirit of youth and love for the program that has done so much for his family that led him to accept a position this year on the executive board of the Salt Lake Council.

"Where scouting is properly used," President Richard states, "it will do much for the boys of our Church. This year, the fortieth anniversary of the program, the Boy Scouts of America has adopted the slogan, 'Strengthen the Arm of Liberty.'

"The ideal of freedom in America has been basic in our belief ever since our Church was founded by Joseph Smith through revelation. The Liberty Crusade is another indication that the ideals of scouting follow the ideals of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

ANN M. CANNON

(*Continued from page* 107)

This committee had two fundamental aims: to create a means to train girls for rich Latter-day Saint womanhood; to develop an organization that would represent the Church and the state.

The Camp Fire Girls used Indian symbolism to represent American girlhood. What symbolism would best represent Latter-day Saint girlhood? Out of the past came the Book of Mormon word, "Deseret," which means "honey-bee." And to amplify and glorify the state symbol of the beehive, came Maurice Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*, only published in book form in 1914. With Mae Taylor Nystrom's suggestion that the organization be called the Bee-Hive Girls, the pattern of symbolism was complete.

In 1915 the organization of the Bee-Hive Girls was presented to the Y.L.M.I.A. as summer work. The first handbook represented arduous labor by the committee. These women had worked with complete and loving unity. They heaped together all their past experience and present study, their inspiration, and their eager desire for perfection. Then they selected and discarded, chose and criticized, until their own personalities were lost in the magnificent wealth and beauty they presented in their book, the *Bee-Hive Handbook*.

The art work was contributed by young Latter-day Saint artists, among whom were Rena Olson and Lucile Cannon. They put into design the chosen symbols of the organization, its three ranks and seven fields; they created the seals, and the covers, borders, and illustrations for the book itself.

Ann M. Cannon as chairman loved to tell of the harmony and inspiration that attended the efforts of all the people who built the Bee-

Hive work in those early days. She would mention gratefully the stake and ward presidents who cooperated and adjusted and reported results to the main committee.

She had learned early to cooperate with committees, and to give each member full credit for her share in accomplishment. From childhood she had worked in the Church, and as early as 1891, she began her forty years of service on the general board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, later changed to Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. "She was a power in the administration" of Elmina S. Taylor, first general president. Nineteen years she was general secretary, then a position without financial remuneration. She inaugurated the roll books with duplicate annual report blanks still in use today. For ten years she was general treasurer. She was long a member of the Board of Control of the Deseret Gymnasium.

Perhaps she loved best the five years when she was editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*. Always she had responded to literature. Her bookshelves at home held volumes of the classics: Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dickens, John Stuart Mill. There were books by American poets: Bryant, Longfellow, Walt Whitman. And from the Church works, from the fearless audacity of her ancestors, she believed that her own people could themselves produce great literature. So, she sought out the new Church writers: the poetry of Kate Thomas, the editorials of Susa Young Gates, the stories of Elsie C. Carroll and Josephine Spencer. She invited contributions of Church Authorities of literary ability. Always she was alive to the points of view of her predecessors. Always she strove to make the publication represent the best the Mutual Improvement Association had to offer.

Annie Cannon never called the organization the *Mutual*. She spoke of it always as *Mutual Improvement*. For of what else was life made?

Her convention trips led her into all sorts of adventures. Once she and her companions were marooned in a stagecoach by a washout on the desert of southern Utah. She visited Zion Park when it was only a small settlement and made various trips over the country. She came home speaking enthusiastically of the fine women in the then distant outposts of the Church: Shiprock, Mesa, Cardston.

Twice she represented the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association at the National Council of Women, in Washington. She took her fifteen-year-old niece, Adele Cannon, to one of these conventions. Her contacts with the important women of the time were thrilling to Ann M. Cannon, and she enjoyed telling of their hospitality and appreciation of the Utah delegates.

And all this time Ann Cannon was earning her own living. Her brother, George M. Cannon, began teaching her business principles when she was thirteen. She continued an active business life until she was seventy-five. She was an expert bookkeeper; she had a clear understanding of real estate transactions. For five and a half years she was Salt Lake County deputy recorder, and for a long period she was associated with the Prudential Building and Loan Association.

During these active years she was making a home for her father and invalid mother, Angus Munn and Sarah Mousley Cannon. This home was a haven of culture and happiness for all the numerous nieces and nephews, actual and spiritual. (Anyone who felt the sweetness of her spirit called her Aunt Annie.) Here they could read from the crowded bookshelves; they could study the magnificent paintings on the walls; they could learn the saga of the artistic Fairbanks family. During one period they could meet John Hafen, for he was painting grandmother's portrait. He was not famous then, and Ann Cannon was a true friend to him when she bought several of his pictures. Her interest in art was constant throughout her life. The needlepoint she stitched was unusual, of rare colors and designs. In her late sixties she took up pottery making. She gloried in the feel of the clay and its power for beauty. She was one of the organizers of the Art Barn and was always active in its affairs.

At the time of her graduation from the University of Deseret in 1886 at the age of sixteen, she was a slim, pretty girl. Among her teachers were John R. Park, J. H. Paul, George M. Ottinger, the pioneer Utah artist. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation, she helped organize the U of U Emeritus Club.

In 1926, Ann M. Cannon joined Lucy M. Van Cott on a memorable voyage to Europe. While there she visited the Isle of Man, the homeland of her Cannon ancestors. She formed an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. William Cubbon, then curator of the Manx Museum. Through the years she corresponded with Mr. Cubbon, mostly regarding genealogical work. Because of her interest in Manx records and her influence in having them microfilmed, she was made a member of the Antiquarian Society of the Isle of Man, and her picture now hangs in the museum of that faraway island.

Ann M. Cannon died November 9, 1948. But in reality she has joined George Eliot's

Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.

Her whole attitude in life is well expressed by the "Honey Gatherer's Song."

Out in the dew-sparkling dawn I dart
Straight to the fragrant flower heart,
Skies are blue and days are fair,
Honey lies hidden everywhere,
Joy to gather my share.

VARSOVIENNE

(*Continued from page* 109)

"Now, I'm sure you can do it," they were told when they came back together. "It's easy. Just sweep, step, glide. Sweep, step, glide."

PAUL'S eyes sought Elaine's. "I'm sure we can do it," he said. "Thank you."

His voice was warm, and Elaine knew he was really thanking them for his regained composure. The rest of the evening was a nightmare. Paul was gay—too gay, and Elaine felt brittle as ice. When it was over, Paul steered her to his car.

(*Continued on following page*)

DON'T FAINT...

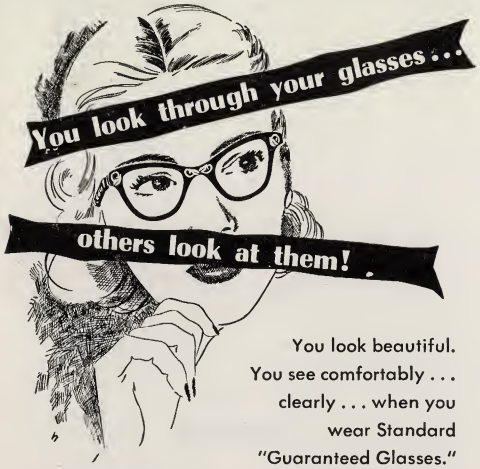
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MODERN OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE WEST

Varsovienne

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"I'll drop you off," he said.

"Craig wouldn't like that," she said, thinking aloud. "I'd better get a cab."

"I'm no claim jumper," said Paul tightly, and Elaine, feeling rather silly, got in.

"Paul," she said, when they were nearing the hall. "I want you to know that I have always cherished your friendship."

"Sounds like a speech," said Paul. "But I know you mean it. You'll always have my friendship, Elaine."

"I'm afraid not," said Elaine unhappily. "You see, Craig—"

"I see," said Paul, and was silent.

"Paul, I'm going to resign from the stake board. I have some other obligations—"

"Resign! You can't do that, Elaine."

"I think it would be better."

"You're right, Elaine. This won't do, but if there is any resigning to do, I'll be the one."

"No. I have to anyway. You see—"

"Craig?"

"Yes, Craig!" admitted Elaine. "Oh, Paul, doesn't the Bible say you should leave all else, and cleave—"

"The Bible says, 'Seek ye first—'" Paul said gruffly.

ELAINE didn't see Craig's car when they drove up, perhaps because it was parked two doors down the street. She did not see Craig until he detached himself from the shadow of the entrance. He was shaking with anger.

"I thought so! I thought so!" His voice was high with accusation.

"Craig, this is Paul."

"You don't need to tell me who it is," said Craig uncivilly. "I have been following you. I know what you are up to."

"You do?" said Elaine, her anger rising.

"You can trust Elaine," said Paul shortly.

Paul knew that, but Craig didn't. Marriage without trust wouldn't be marriage. "You can trust Paul," she added.

"My! My!" said Craig with sarcasm. "A regular little trust company."

(*Continued on page 138*)

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VARSOVIENNE

(Concluded from page 136)

"CRAIG, this isn't what it looks like," said Paul. "I can explain—"

"I know all I want to know," said Craig, turning on his heel.

"I'd better go," whispered Paul. "You can get this straightened out better without me. I'm sorry, Elaine."

"No, stay, wait for me."

She was flying down the walk to Craig's car, and there were no doubts now. Her purpose was clear.

"Craig, here. Take this with you." She took off his ring and dropped it into his palm.

"Craig, I know this is partly my fault. I should have known that we aren't right for each other. I'm sorry."

"I'll bet," said Craig, and raced the motor to a start.

Elaine watched the car careen down the street and went shakily back to where Paul was waiting. "It looks like you won't lose your dancing partner after all," she said.

THE FORT ON THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from page 117)

when they heard of this extraordinary proposition, and selected the homes in Bluff and in Monticello which they would occupy when the settlers were kicked out, and they boasted of how they would run things in the undisturbed ways of their ancestors. Somebody took pains to keep them informed, or misinformed, about this pending bill, making them worse neighbors than they had been before.

A year passed—two years. The Texas outfit refused to talk sale. Why should they? Every month saw them more firmly established and better known to their profitable customers of the "underground" from half a dozen states and territories. Their business looked better all the time.

The builders of the fort saw in it a picture dark indeed. They had won the Navajos, and among them they had found many pleasant acquaintances. Yet the Navajos, however valuable their good will and their confidence, represented but the first of the three major problems set for the mission to solve.

Yet by some unfaltering intuition of fidelity the people clung to their two forts, cherishing their promise of ultimate triumph. They toiled on for their livelihood and ate their humble bread under the humiliating leer of cowpuncher-thieves who rode arrogantly about on their stolen horses with their wide hats cocked banteringly on one side, and their flaming bandanas in jaunty style around their necks.

The day of the desperado cowpuncher was nearer to its close than anyone imagined. When the pendulum of human fortune has swung as far as it can to the right, it must swing back to the left. That pendulum had reached its ultimate limit on one side in San Juan, and a change was inevitable.

Two daring robbers held up and stripped a Denver and Rio Grande train and then sank from sight in eastern Utah. State Marshal Joe Bush took up the tracks and followed them beyond the watching eyes of the waiting world into the remote and obscure San Juan.

At Bluff, Bush called for men to go with him, yet he wanted more than men: he wanted a strategist to outwit the smooth thing which had cheated every officer who followed a criminal into San Juan.

Somebody awakened that day to the greater meaning of Bluff's victory over Problem One, the winning of the Navajos. Kumen Jones had cherished the hope that Jim Joe would sometime help to save his own people and to save the Mormons as well. So he proposed to Joe Bush that the hunt be turned over to Jim Joe. Jim grasped the idea in a second. When he and his sleuths cut across the wide region at the mouth of Chinalee, they picked up the tracks of the robbers, and led the marshal over them as fast as any bloodhounds could have gone.

Astonished to see horsemen coming over the sand behind them, the robbers climbed up into the rocks where all who followed them would have to pass single file between two great boulders, where one man with enough ammunition could dispose of a regiment. Jim knew just which men to move and which to reserve. Stringing his sleuths out on the trail behind him to advertise their numbers for the benefit of the men up in the rocks, he figured that he had told the robbers in the plainest words, "Shoot a Navajo in this reservation, and your cake is dough, and you know it."

Then he climbed right up that narrow trail, stalked boldly between the big boulders, and called to Joe Bush to come on without fear. He marched up to the robbers with a boldness that changed their blood into streams of ice, and all the time he held his gun leveled upon them with uncompromising purpose, and called back over his shoulder to the marshal asking, "Shootey? Killey?" (Shall I shoot 'em? Shall I kill 'em?)

But the robbers, reaching frantically for the sky, made it very clear they would not have to be killed nor to be shot; they wouldn't so much as hurt a little chicken. They wanted very much to live, and they stood with ashen faces and trembling hands while Bush put irons on their wrists and their ankles and had them march meekly down out of the rocks. He took them back up out of the rathole; he took them away out of San Juan. Gunmen of the underground had been arrested beyond Rincone—they had been taken away out of the country and brought to trial. The Navajos and the Mormons had become allies—what would it mean?

The builders of the fort took heart. They told Bush about the cattle rustling. When he returned from the north, Bush rounded up the rustlers.

After this, the very mention of the name Jim Joe was welcome. If Kumen Jones had never done anything more in San Juan than to discover and get response from this magnificent Navajo, he would still be one of the most important builders of the country. Instead of fearing the Navajos any more, the builders of

the fort doted on them, felt more secure because of them.

The E L K M company could depend no more on finding men to work for their board or ten dollars a month. Times had taken a terrible change; their hotel business was shot through, and the owners of the Texas outfit began to think that possibly they could do better somewhere else. They offered to sell.

The figure they quoted was a big one. Bishop Nielson took the matter home with him for the most careful consideration, and when he came limping back next morning, he told them to buy.

The deal was closed. The last of the Texas outfit rode away; the echoes of their offensive operations died in the cliffs; the wind blew their tracks from the trails; and a sweet hush settled down on the hills and the camps where they had been.

From the sources of unexplainable fortune, a new element entered forcefully onto the scene. It was drouth, more blighting and more persistent than anything of its kind they had known in San Juan. The old-time rains which brought the big floods and made big grass on the hills seemed to be a thing of the past.

(To be concluded)

Gathering Material for Your Speech

(*Concluded from page* 99)

And when all this has been done, you have one more step to take. You must add something of yourself to whatever information you gather. Perhaps your contribution will be your arrangement of the ideas, or perhaps it will be your interpretation of them. Full credit should always be given to the author of the ideas you borrow; but until you are familiar enough with those ideas to make them part of you, you are not ready to communicate them to your listeners. Without such familiarity your speech will be merely a re-hash of other people's thoughts. With it your speech will have originality.



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Melchizedek Priesthood



THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE

PRIESTHOOD ... *Cornerstone of the Church*

PRIESTHOOD has been described by Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve as "the authority derived from the Lord . . . committed to man to meet first personal needs, and also to be used within the Church for carrying out the purposes of the plan of salvation. Since priesthood roots in knowledge and the intelligent use of knowledge, it must be a real force, a real power, to be used in solving any or all problems of life, whether personal or within the Church."

Priesthood is a cornerstone of the Church. The Prophet Joseph Smith and his companion, Oliver Cowdery, received the Aaronic Priesthood from John the Baptist, May 15, 1829, and the Melchizedek Priesthood from the hands of Peter, James, and John, a short time later. These events preceded the organization of the Church by many months.

And wherever the priesthood has been used in righteousness, the Church and the men who hold it have been strengthened.

At Kirtland, Ohio, in the latter part of October 1834, the elders began to come in, and in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, " . . . it was necessary to make preparations for the school for the Elders, wherein they might be more perfectly instructed in the great things of God, during the coming winter." (*D. H. C.*, Vol. II, p. 169.) When the Prophet dedicated the school a year later on November 3, 1835, he prefaced his prayer with " . . . some remarks upon the object of this school, and the great necessity of our rightly improving our time and reining up our minds to the sense of the great object that lies before us, viz.—the glorious endowment that God has in store for the faithful."

This was the period of the Church when the quorums of the Church were being fully organized (both the Council of the Twelve and the First Council of the Seventy date back to February 1835); it was also the period when the priesthood members were building the Kirtland Temple. Consequently, over one hundred brethren were blessed on March 7, 1835, for their labors on the temple construction. In individual blessings, some were promised wisdom and ability to proclaim the gospel; others were blessed and were ordained elders at this time; some were given the promise of doing missionary work among the Lamanites, and one, William Carter, who was blind, was promised the restoration of his sight if he remained faithful. This same month, section 107 of the Doctrine and Covenants, commonly known as the great revelation on priesthood, was received by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In the dark days following the martyrdom of the Prophet and the Patriarch, the presidents of the various quorums of seventies met on November 26, 1845, and accepted the assignment to furnish two rooms of the Nauvoo Temple with carpets, two settees for the stand, tables, chairs, stoves, and other needed furniture. In mid-December 1845, the seventies and their wives were invited to receive their temple endowments at Nau-



THE NAUVOO TEMPLE

voo. Almost daily (including Christmas day) the names of those who came to the temple for that purpose were recorded. The temple activity continued during January 1846, and although preparations for the exodus to the west were being feverishly pushed, the last endowments in the Nauvoo Temple were given February 7, three days after the first of the Pioneers had crossed the frozen Mississippi.

After the arrival in the valley, the seventies met in the bowery, on what was to become Temple Square, and commenced their Lyceum on November 7, 1851. This indicates quorum activity of the highest kind— ". . . the improving of our time and reining up our minds."

At that time quorum members were usually uniformly poor in this world's goods. But they knew the value of working together—that strength resulted from unity of purpose. And quorum members today can receive blessings and joy from working with each other. The wide-awake quorum has a project. What is yours?

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO
Column
Conducted by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

A PROMISE—ITS FAILURE

THE *American Business Men's Research Foundation* sent out a release during December that gives a fairly good statement of the situation relative to the consumption of alcoholic beverages from the time of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment up to the present. They picture the story in a most interesting way. It is worthy of this column because its data all come from official sources. Here it is:

RIP VAN SNOOZE, the eminent objective student of public problems, who fell into a coma at the height of the controversy on the relative merits of prohibition and repeal and who awakened from a twenty-year sleep yesterday, lapsed into a sound sleep again today.

As the experts who had attended him and studied his condition during his twenty-year sleep had predicted, he immediately made inquiry upon awaking concerning the matter that had thrown him into his trance.

"Did we repeal the prohibition law?" he asked in a surprisingly strong voice. When told that the law was revoked sixteen years ago he immediately demanded to know how repeal was working.

The babble from those surrounding him confused him and he remarked that the only two words he could distinguish were "lousy" and "swell," but he presumed that there was moderate opinion also expressed.

"I am a deep student of the question," he said, "so I am going to prepare a few questions, the answers to which I hope you will present tomorrow. Now I want to know who won the pennant in 1930, if Hoover was re-elected and—"

When the specialists and the press assembled the next day, Mr. Van Snooze took up the prohibition-repeal question at once.

"Did the old-fashioned saloon return, despite promises that it would not, and if so was any effort made to prevent it?"

"It did return, indeed," replied the specialist to whom had been assigned the question. "President Roosevelt upon repeal promised that the saloon would not return, but that is all that was done about it. We now have 482,033 legal retail liquor outlets, as we now call them, and the number is growing. In 1945 the number was only 359,127."

"Has drinking increased or decreased as promised?"

"As measured in terms of absolute alcohol, it has increased from 0.58 gallons per capita in the first year of repeal to 1.64 gallons in 1949."

"What! It has nearly tripled?" Mr. Van Snooze asked, but not waiting for a reply, passed to the next question. "Was the working man appeased with his glass of beer and does he eschew strong drink?"

"Apparently not," replied a reporter. "The per capita consumption of beer has increased from 7.90 to 18.58 gallons but, as you put it, strong drink also increased from .33 to 1.21 gallons in the same period, almost four times as much."

"How about drunkenness?"

"The F. B. I. reports a rise from 1,490.1 to 2,492.3 for each 100,000 population in persons held for prosecution for drunkenness."

"Did the crime rate come down?"

"The same source gives the number of persons held for prosecution for all causes. It shows an increase from 6,639 to 30,110 in 1948."

"But," interjected another reporter, "a lot of those were arrests for parking, and things like that—"

"Well, leaving those out and taking only major crimes, the increase was from 3,450.90 to 5,103.54 for each 100,000 inhabitants an increase of over forty percent."

"How about family life—has it been improved?"

"Evidently not, the divorce rate increased (each 1,000 population) from 1.6 in 1933 to 3.5 in 1945."

"More than doubled," Mr. Van Snooze sighed. "Well how about taxes?"

"Now we have something," said the expert who had screamed "swell" repeatedly the day before. "In 1948 the total public revenue from alcoholic beverages was $2,953,480,752.00."

"Splendid," said Mr. Van Snooze, "then I presume, as the association against the prohibition amendment promised, all income taxes have been repealed, and I hope the national debt wiped out?"

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Van Snooze, that your personal income tax has increased five fold while you slept, and the national debt has increased from $19,487,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year 1932 to $252,292,000,000 at the end of June, 1948—nearly thirteen times."

"But there was a war," said one voice, and another added, "and Roosevelt"—and then a confusion of voices drowned out all possibility of Mr. Van Snooze understanding.

"This is where I went to sleep twenty years ago," he said in a tired voice, "I think I'll try another short nap."

Turning over he was sound asleep in a second.

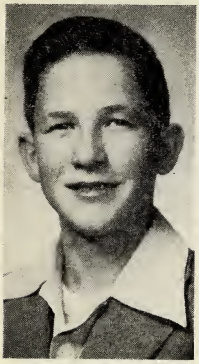
"SALE BY THE DRINK"

WE were recently astonished to read a newspaper statement saying that a newly elected commissioner of Salt Lake City advocates "sale by the drink" of alcoholic beverages, asserting his belief that among other things better control could thus be secured and that a large addition to the city treasury could be obtained by the sale of licenses. As readers of this column know, we have been uniformly op-

(*Concluded on page* 144)

Youth Speaks

The Power Of Testimony



WILLIAM GORDON ROGERS

(*Excerpts from an address by William Gordon Rogers, a deacon, New Castle Ward, Cedar (Utah) Stake.*)

We must test the gospel with our own powers. No one can do it for us.

President George Albert Smith has expressed his feelings in words similar to the following: "It is important that our sons and daughters become established in their faith and know, as their parents know, that this is our Father's work."

Since testimony is the moving power behind the accomplishments of our parents, then surely it is most important that young people work for the same assurance, the same testimony. I am sure my father and mother would never spend the hours they do, serving in the Church, without knowing the gospel is true.

Elder John A. Widtsoe has written: "A conviction of the truth of the gospel, a testimony, must be sought if it is to be found." (*Evidences and Reconciliations*, p. 6.)

Matthew recorded from the Master's Sermon on the Mount, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33.)

If we try earnestly to do the Lord's work, a testimony will come to us, and we need not worry about other things. The Lord's promise alone should urge us to learn the truth for ourselves.

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric in a recent address said, "The best defense against the spirit of Satan is the Spirit of the Lord."

We must have faith that our Heavenly Father's plan is right, for faith is a prerequisite to the obtaining of a personal testimony.

The Presiding

Ward Teaching

Prayer In The Home Is Still Popular

Most ward teachers of twenty-five or more years ago will recall that prayer with the family was the first order of business when the ward teachers called. By contrast, most ward teachers with only a few years of recent experience in ward teaching have never knelt in prayer with the families they visit.

What has happened? Why the change? Apparently, Latter-day Saint families were in need of the Lord's blessings a quarter of a century or more ago. Has the need for family prayer with the ward teachers been modified of recent years? Who effected the change? Only a little thought is needed to encourage the conclusion that we are as much, if not more, in need of family prayer and its blessings today as our parents were in yesteryears.

Monument Park Ward Bishopric, Bonneville Stake, Sets Example

Bishop Alvin R. Dyer, Monument Park Ward, Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake, tells of the experience he and his counselors had in the ward on the matter of prayer in the home:

We have suggested that our ward teachers have prayer with the Saints in their homes as a part of their ward teaching visits each month.

The report reached us that some of our teachers felt they could not have prayer in the homes because so many of the families seemed to resent it.

Therefore, as a bishopric, we decided to find out for ourselves. Accordingly, we selected forty-five families who were either relatively inactive families, or families where the father or the mother is not a member of the Church. For nearly one year now, the bishopric have visited among these families, at least two of them every Monday night. We have not been in one such home yet where we were not entirely welcome to kneel with the family in prayer. The response to the suggestion has been most encouraging.

As a result, our ward teachers are now encouraged to have prayer in every home when visiting the Saints. It is good to hear the people say, "Yes, we had the ward teachers last Monday night, and they had prayer with us, too."

When we say, or even think, "It can't be done," let us examine our own attitudes as ward teachers. It is not old fashioned to pray, in the homes, with the Saints. If we would do it, we would know better than to say, "It can't be done"—we would know that prayer often, if not always, spreads its forceful influence deeper into the human heart than any other form of expression.

L. D. S. Girls

Effect Of Visits Reflected In Attendance Records

It has always been maintained that there is no substitute for the influence of one person on another in effecting either a reformation or an improvement. Emphasis has always been placed on the value of the personal visit in the L.D.S. girls' program.

A tabulation of the personal visits of advisers to members of these groups throughout the Church reveals that more than 27,000 visits (not calls) were made during the first ten months of 1949. The attendance records given below suggest the effect of these personal visits on the records of all L.D.S. girls in the Church for that period:

	Sacrament Meeting	Sunday School	Y.W.M.I.A.
January	43%	54%	54%
October	46%	59%	58%

Consider well what the effect would have been had four, five, or more times 27,000 personal visits been made as could easily have been the case if approximately 4,500 ward advisers had done their full duty in visiting the members of their groups, and particularly the inactive members.

The personal visit is the genius of the L.D.S. girls' program. If any are looking for a substitute for this feature of the work, they should give up the search—there is no substitute if we are to do for our girls that which is desired for their welfare and blessing.

Bishopric's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

Adult Members

Aaronic Priesthood

What Went Wrong Along The Way?

His hair is snow white; his shoulders lean forward in spite of his heroic effort to walk straight in the face of his more than fourscore years; his manner is mild; his entire bearing is that of a cultured, refined gentleman.

One day he will answer the call, and his life's mission will be finished.

The work of the Lord has suffered a great loss through the inactivity of this grand old man. Why did he become inactive?

Years before an unbridled tongue had broken loose and before it could be brought under control, it had lashed him with hard, cruel words that cut deep into his young heart.

The wounds? They have never healed, nor has anyone really tried to heal them.

Who is he? He is real—this story is true, and there are many more like him. He could be a member of your ward, your neighbor across the way, or that grand old man down the street. Are you sure he isn't one of these?

Come, now! There may be time, even yet—he is still alive. But the sand in his hourglass of life is running out. He may be waiting this very moment for our call, our kind words, our active interest in his being prepared to live—hereafter.

L. D. S. Girls

Aaronic Priesthood

Check 100 Percent Attendance Records

This will remind leaders that special one hundred percent seals are to be affixed to the Individual Certificates of Award for Aaronic Priesthood members with a perfect attendance record at priesthood meeting and at sacrament meeting for the full year, and for L.D.S. girls with perfect attendance records at sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Y.W.M.I.A. for the year.

The new application blanks call for this information which should be carefully supplied to avoid disappointment to those with perfect attendance records in addition to meeting all other requirements for the individual award.

Aaronic Priesthood

Quorum President Persists And Wins

Six years ago, the president of a deacons quorum persisted in the use of the telephone and in making personal calls to encourage an inactive member to attend to his priesthood duties. It seemed hopeless, but he kept on with his work.

Finally the boy came out to his priesthood meeting. He enjoyed it, found new interest, made friends. But this was not all.

Eventually, he persuaded his father, long inactive, to accompany him to priesthood meeting and then to other Church meetings. Then the mother became interested. Finally his sisters found new joys in Church activity. The entire family became active.

The result? Today, the boy, now a man, is group leader on board a ship in the U.S. navy; father, mother, and sisters are all teachers in the Sunday School.

Aaronic Priesthood

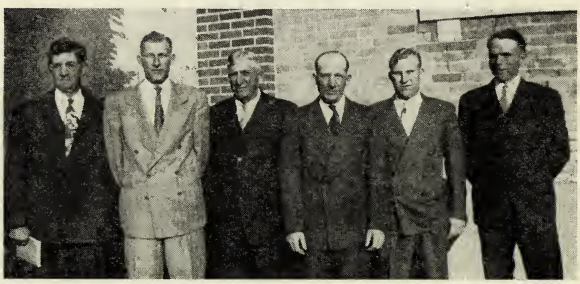
Newcomers To Be Enrolled Immediately

It is suggested that, when a bearer of the Aaronic Priesthood moves into a new ward, his name be placed on the proper quorum roll immediately, and that his attendance at all meetings be indicated, without waiting for his record of membership to be received, nor for his formal acceptance by the membership of the ward.

One of the reasons for this recommendation is that the boy may be trying for an Individual Certificate of Award which he may not receive if his record is not kept between the time of his arrival in the new ward and his acceptance as a member when his record of membership is presented for the vote of the Saints.

The boy should not be voted into membership in the quorum, nor given priesthood assignments, until after the receipt of his record of membership.

Father, Three Sons, Son-In-Law Advanced To Melchizedek Priesthood



BEAR RIVER WARD, NORTH BOX ELDER (UTAH) STAKE, REPORTS SUCCESS WITH ADULT MEMBERS OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Left to right—Group Adviser Charles Checketts; Lyle Miller, son; Sylvanus Miller, father; Woodrow Miller, son; Joyce Miller, son; Jesse Brailsford, son-in-law.

When a father, with his three sons and a son-in-law, all adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood, are ordained elders on the same day, who can estimate, or even imagine, the measure of rejoicing sent ringing through the corridors of heaven? But not in heaven alone is there rejoicing. In the now of time, there is joy even beyond words.

Dreams long cherished by loving wives and tender mothers are in the morning of their fulfilment and the days ahead are filled with promise. Faithful lives, and the words "for all eternity," spoken in holy places, may soon take "time" out of family relationships and continue them forever.

Yes, there is much rejoicing—and with good reason.

This accomplishment, in the Bear River Ward, North Box Elder Stake, is attributed, in large measure, to the untiring efforts of Charles Checketts, group adviser and a former bishop of the ward.

AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 114)

growth of thorny bushes, ferns, and wild grasses, often extending above the head. Vivid flowers abound, among which flit immense, brilliantly-hued butterflies; while the upper reaches of the forest are the home of a heavy bird population.

For what it lacks in larger animal life, the Xicalango region more than makes up in an oversupply of insect population, especially hordes of mosquitoes, chiggers, ticks, and ants.

Finally, this area is afflicted, as is other parts of Middle America, by that ancient scourge of the tropics, malaria, which constitutes the chief hazard of archaeological work in these lands.

At the present time the Xicalango region is almost totally uninhabited. Only a few lone huts and tiny settlements of coconut plantation workers break the almost-continuous wall of jungle along the shores of the lagoons. This is in marked contrast with the dense population of ancient times indicated by the archaeological findings to be described.

The few inhabitants that do manage an existence in this wilderness are mainly of native Indian stock, mostly of the Chontal branch of the ancient Mayan linguistic family, known to have been established in the Gulf Coast region from early pre-Columbian times. Despite primitive living conditions, debilitating tropical diseases, and an extremely high child mortality, these people maintain a surprisingly cheerful disposition. They were always most friendly and hospitable to the expedition party, and furnished it with reliable guides and excavation workers.

The expedition's reconnaissance of this region was accomplished by means of airplane photography, coastwise surveys by launch and dugout canoe, and finally land explorations. In the coastwise reconnaissance, important aid and information was given by Ignacio Matemala of Ciudad del Carmen, son of the owner of the *hacienda* of Xicalango and pilot of one of the launches used in the survey. A *cayuca* or native dugout, propelled with a pole by a native boatman, was used to explore the shallow interior lagoons. Only a few landings could be made, however, because of the density of the jungle growth along the shores and the additional obstacle of shoals, along the coast of the Laguna de Términos. The means of landing on these shallow coasts from the launches was by *cayuca,* when available; otherwise landings were accomplished by the exploring party riding to shore on the shoulders of the crew. Since the expedition members all greatly outweighed their native mounts, this method proved to be rather hazardous.

Finally, the difficult land explorations, carried out on foot through jungle and swamps, were accomplished through the guide assistance and expert machete-wielding of a native Chontal Indian worker of the *hacienda* of Xicalango, Manuel Lara, who served as expedition guide during most of the Xicalango project.

By these means, three new mound ruins were located, for the first time archaeologically (with one partial exception as noted), *viz. Zapotal* (local name, as given by Manuel Lara, expedition guide; a group of several fairly large mounds); *Punta Gorda* (local name, as given by expedition guide; three fairly large mounds); and *Panteón* (local name, as given by Ignacio Matemala and other native informants; three small mounds).[6] The locations of these sites, and other data resulting from this reconnaissance, have been charted on a new large-scale archaeological map of the Xicalango region to be published later in a final report of the expedition.

A general survey was also made for the first time of the known ruins of Aguacatal[7] (discovered a few years before by a party of Mexican archaeologists). This was the work of ten days of exploration at this site, accomplished in the face of great natural difficulties. Foremost of these was the density of the jungle, which reduced observation to only a few feet in any direction, completely concealing beyond this distance the various ruin mounds comprising the site. This, together with the heavy jungle growth covering the mounds themselves, necessitated constant machete-wielding by Manuel Lara in locating and partially clearing these mounds for measurement, and made impossible more than a rough map of the ruins at this time.

Other difficulties were the tropical heat—though the season was that of our winter—and the insect pests, especially the hordes of voracious mosquitoes. Against the latter, however, the party was fortunately somewhat fortified, with repellents, head nets, mosquito hammocks, and anti-malaria drugs.[8] Another difficulty was that caused by the heavy rains which occasionally flooded the camp, and made necessary the construction of a platform to keep the expedition's store of supplies off the ground, and a palm-thatched shelter for protection from the rain. Still another problem developed when the provisions of food and purified water from

[6] Verification of an oral report of ruins near the settlement of Xicalango recorded in the *Atlas arqueológico de la República Mexicana,* 1939, p. 20 and map.

[7] Local name, meaning '*Aguacate* or Avocado-tree Plantation.'

[8] The expedition of Mexican archaeologists who first visited the site had an even more difficult time, being able to remain only one day because of the mosquitoes, as their visit occurred in May when these pests increase to still greater numbers with the beginning of the rainy season, at which time they almost succeed in driving out even the hardened native inhabitants.

No Liquor-Tobacco

(*Concluded from page* 141)

posed to "sale by the drink" for many reasons, some of which have been herein previously expressed. So we have urged that all candidates for political office who would have anything to do with the making or enforcing of laws shall be asked before election for their views relative to "sales by the drink." If this matter should again come up for action by the electorate, in Utah, we hope that readers of this column will find that we continue to oppose the election of candidates favorable to methods of handling liquor that will result in greater consumption. And according to the records, greater consumption always results by increasing the number of places that have alcoholic beverages for sale, as the license system always does. To keep our environment as free from evil and evil tendencies as feasible is both a moral and religious duty, as we see it. We hope that readers of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA will always be opposed to the methods of the underworld—to those methods that result in multiplying evils or increasing the ease for participating in them.

Carmen gave out before the end of the scheduled work at this site, which required more days than expected. However, Manuel and his two brothers Pedro and Juan, who comprised the expedition's native crew at Aguacatal, came to the rescue by bringing in a supply of bananas and *tortillas* from their home, and by cutting down coconuts for coconut milk.

Three main groups of mounds were found at Aguacatal, in this first general survey of the site. One consists of several fairly large mounds representing the ruins of temple pyramids and foundation platforms, partially surrounding a plaza; another, a number of much smaller mound ruins of similar nature arranged in what may be a second and possibly older plaza group; and a third, several large mounds of undetermined arrangement, somewhat detached from the other two groups. The largest mound of the first group, which was designated Mound A1, measured approximately 150 ft. long by 100 ft. wide and 15 ft. high; and the highest, Mound A5, approximately 65 ft. square and 30 ft. high. The largest of the second group, Mound B1, measured approximately 45 ft. long by 30 ft. wide and 6 ft. high; and the largest of the third, which was also the highest discovered at the site, Mound C1, approximately 100 ft. square and 45 ft. high.

All of these mounds were found to have as their outermost layer—under the blanket of jungle growth—a thick, hard conglomerate of earth and oyster shells, evidently a "kitchen midden" deposit left by some shellfish-eating people who had lived on the mounds after the abandonment of the city by its original inhabitants. An exploratory trench run into the side of one of the mounds (A5) through this surface midden revealed a stepped pyramid inside. This in turn was found to enclose a still older stepped pyramid, which also, in turn, appeared to encase still another and even more ancient pyramid in a telescoping "jack-in-the-box" fashion, with the two outermost pyramids obviously representing successive enlargements of the original temple pyramid. The construction of these pyramids is of earth and shell-midden, with sloping retaining

(*Continued on following page*)

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AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AMERICA

(*Continued from preceding page*)

walls of cement or irregular stone slabs. Other brief excavations in this mound and in Mound A2 (begun by the previous Mexican archaeologists) revealed portions of stairways ascending the pyramids, built of stone block masonry.

None of the mounds at this site, so far as could be determined, had any standing building on its summit. This indicates that the buildings which must have originally surmounted these pyramids and platforms were probably constructed of wood, with thatched roofs, and have consequently long since disappeared.

The most interesting feature discovered at Aguacatal, however—perhaps, in fact, the most important discovery of the entire expedition—is a great earthen embankment with steeply sloping sides, measuring some 25 ft. wide at the base and 10 ft. wide at the top, 6 to 10 ft. high on the outer side, and 3 ft. high on the inner side, partially surrounding the first two groups of mounds and apparently terminating at the edge of the lagoon near which the ruins are situated. On the north and west, this embankment separates these groups from a swamp lying at a level several feet below that of the area of the mounds (compare the above measurements as to height on outer and inner sides). Possibly this embankment represents the remains of an ancient dyke, built to protect the city from the flooding waters of the swamp in the rainy season; or, alternatively, an ancient wall fortification.

In the course of this survey, and the Xicalango reconnaissance in general, a surface collection of several hundred ancient potsherds was also obtained. This was augmented by subsurface samplings from a stratigraphic test trench in the plaza of Group A at Aguacatal. The processing of the pottery material (in camp and at Ciudad del Carmen) completed the field work of the expedition in the Xicalango region as originally projected.[9]

There still remained, however, a number of supplementary projects of the expedition. One of these was a voyage by launch up the remote Palizadas River (one of the distributaries of the Usumacinta, in the main region of jaguars and poisonous serpents) and the series of jungle-rimmed lakes by which this river enters the Laguna de Términos. This acquainted the party with the main route of water travel from the Gulf of Mexico into the interior "Usumacinta province" of the Maya area, along which ancient civilization probably spread; and also with the nature of the country in the heart of the archaeologically little-known eastern Gulf Coast area.

Following this exploration, and a visit to the archaeological site of Huaraxé on the Island of Carmen, a trip by plane was made to northern Yucatan, for a brief study also of the famous ruined Maya cities of Uxmal and Chichen Itza.

On the return flight from Yucatan, a stop of several days was made at Minatitlan, in the Tehuantepec Isthmus area of the "Olmec" sites of the pre-Classic civilization, where there are also known to be many unexplored mound ruins. Working out of Minatitlan, an air photographic study by cub plane was made of the Gulf side of the Isthmus and the nearby Tuxtla Mountains (a cloud-capped, heavily forested mountain wilderness, still largely unknown archaeologically), as far as the northernmost discovered "Olmec" site of Tres Zapotes.

From Minatitlan the party continued by plane up the coast to Veracruz City, thence inland past snow-capped Orizaba and other high peaks of the Sierra Madre Oriental, and so back to Mexico City. Here several more days were spent in a preliminary classification of the pottery material obtained in the Xicalango-Aguacatal survey, on the basis partly of a comparative study of collections in the National Museum. This final "field" task was completed on February 21, at which point the expedition terminated.

Results

It may be stated, in conclusion, that the expedition's purposes were generally achieved. Not only were several new sites discovered in Xicalango Gulf Coast region, but

[9] A description and classification of this material will be presented in the final report. It is mainly on the basis of ceramic evidence that the affiliations and chronology of the ancient settlements of the Xicalango region have been worked out.

also many additional temple pyramids and other ancient structures at the already-discovered ruins of Aguacatal, and the first general survey of that site accomplished.[10]

These new discoveries, moreover, established the fact that this region was heavily populated in ancient times by a civilized city and temple-building people; and that the settlement of Aguacatal in particular, in view of the relatively large number and size of its temples, pyramids, and other structures, including the possible wall fortification, was probably the principal or capital city of the district in those times.[11]

On the other hand, none of these Xicalango sites can be said—at least on the basis of this preliminary exploration—to have been the original or main center of the pre-classic civilization. Nor was any evidence found which might lead us to the discovery of this center.

From the indication of certain architectural features, however, (such as the absence of standing stone buildings) and the identified ceramic styles, it may be concluded that the settlement at least of Aguacatal belongs (in its earliest and main period) to the pre-classic civilization. This therefore increases the number of known sites in the eastern Gulf Coast area establishing the territorial continuity of the pre-classic civilization through this region, from the "Early Olmec" aspect in the Isthmus region to the closely-related "Early Maya" development in Yucatan.[12]

Other results of the expedition will be described in the final report, along with plans now under way for another expedition to Central America, within a year or two of this writing, including an extensive project of further excavation at the important site of Aguacatal.[13]

[10]Besides the notes, drawings, still photographs, and other detailed records of the expedition's findings, several thousand feet of colored motion pictures were also obtained, providing a general film record of the expedition, for use especially in archaeology classes at Brigham Young University studying field methods of archaeology in Central America and other tropical lands.

[11]It should be noted that the ancient name of Aguacatal is unknown.

[12]See the introductory section on the purpose of the expedition. A few other sites besides Aguacatal are also now known in this area as belonging to the pre-classic civilization.

[13]To be published in "Bulletin No. 2" of the University Archaeological Society, affiliate organization of the Department of Archaeology of Brigham Young University. A copy of this final bulletin report, and of other publications of the University Archaeological Society and the Department, may be obtained through membership in the Society. For information on the conditions of membership address the Department of Archaeology, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.



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(*Continued from page 100*)

The poem is written in conventional epic form, twelve parts—a prelude, ten cantos, and an epilogue.

The measure is English heroic verse, with and without rhyme. Whitney rejects rhyme in some cantos for no other apparent reason than that blank verse fits the mood better.

He opens the poem with a spiritual awakening. In Canto I and throughout the poem, the Holy Spirit acting through Elias, the genius of progress, is manifested. Here, in Canto I, we read of the theme that prevails throughout the work—one of the main purposes of the poem. The theme is eternal life, salvation, faith, and good works on earth. And in his spiritual awakening the author conceives it as follows:

Naught can be vain that leadeth unto light;
Struggle and stress, not plaudit, maketh strong;
Victor and vanquished equally may win,
Climbing far heights, where fame, eternal fame,
White as the gleaming cloak of Arctic hills,
Rests as a mantle, fadeless, faultless, pure,
On loftiest lives, whose snowy peaks, sun-crowned,
Receive but to dispense their blessedness.

Eternal life demands a selfless love.
Hampered by pride, greed, hate, what soul can grow,
Conceive a selfish God! Thou canst not, man!
Then let it shame thee unto higher things.
Who strives for self hates other men's success;
Who seeks God's glory welcomes rivalry.
Seeking, not gift, but Giver, thou shalt find
No sacrifice but changes part for whole.

Fare on, full sure that greatest glory comes,
And swiftest growth, from serving humankind.
Toil on, for toil is treasure, thine for aye;
A pauper he who boasts an empty name.

The poem develops smoothly, and in Canto II the author changes his rhyme scheme to a lyrical form in depicting the soul of song. Here the epic of time and eternity is sung, and Elias makes his first appearance. Here the author makes reference to a new Zion which is to stand upon the ancient site of the Garden of Eden. Here he satirizes poets who exalt the material over the spiritual, the sensuous over the intellectual.

Let us note now how he alludes to this in Canto II of *Elias:*

See now my sacred heritage, the prey
Of ribald rhymesters, sensuous, half obscene;
Of gloating censors, glad o'er my decay,
And deeming all but best I ne'er had been!
The body's bard throned, sceptering the scene,
A groveling worshiper of earth and time.
Arise! and with thy soul's celestial sheen,
Shame these false meteors, change the ruling chime;
My minstrel, I thy muse, sing thou the song sublime!

Canto III is concerned with the gospel of Christ, God's love for man. The divine plan of human guidance is explained, the plan embracing the fall and redemption of man. Here the Mormon doctrine of man's purpose is explained and

PRESSURE—

and Procrastination

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

THE more a subject is talked of, the more difficult it is to add any ideas on it. But, old as it is, perhaps it is expected that something shall be said on the theme that dominates these days. We wouldn't change the giving of gifts or the festivities or the feasting. We wouldn't eliminate the lights or the trimming of trees or the fond conspiracy about presents or the wide-eyed wonder of children at this welcome and wonderful season. We wish, of course, that we could prepare under less pressure, but the pressure is partly because of our own procrastination. We know right now, as we knew a year ago, that all this would soon be again upon us. But most of us do little about it until it comes close. And from this perhaps we could learn a lesson and do something sooner about things which are sure to come. We know right now, as surely as we know that another year will come quickly, that life constantly calls for an accounting. We know that debts come due, and we shouldn't let the time of accounting catch us without some earnest effort in advance to meet what shall surely come. We know that if we want friends when we need them, we must be friendly when others need us. We know right now that if we want to be trusted when much may depend upon it, we must give people reason to trust us all along the way. We know that if we want to be believed at some particularly important time, we must earn the right to be believed in small and seemingly unimportant things. We know that if we want men to be merciful, we must deal with them as we would be dealt with. We know right now that if we ever lift our heads above the common level, men will look at our lives with searching scrutiny, and if we want to be able to stand their gaze, we had better make the record look as it should look now, and always and under all conditions, and not wait until the pressure is upon us. These are but a few of the lessons we might well learn from facing the pressure of this season again so breathlessly soon. Only a short while ago it seemed so surely that there was plenty of time to prepare for it. And there was—then. But the years come quickly, and we could well do something sooner about things which are sure to come.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE PRESENTED OVER COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, DECEMBER 18, 1949

the poem from then on falls back on this teaching:

The love that hath redeemed all worlds
All worlds must still redeem:
But mercy cannot justice rob—
Oh, where were Elohim?
Freedom—man's faith, man's work, God's grace—
Must span the great gulf o'er;
Life, death, the duerdon or the doom.
Rejoice we or deplore.

Canto IV through to the end of the poem sweeps powerfully through the doctrine of the Church. We see an allegory of the Christian dispensation, following the death of Jesus; we read of Ramah and Cumorah, Book of Mormon names. These two factors lead up to the Book of Mormon and the content of this volume. The book is considered as a testimony to God and a testimony of the Bible. It embodies the prehistoric story of America, related by the angel custodian to the translator of the buried book of gold. The entire story of the foundation of the Church is unveiled, and reference is made to America as the land of Zion.

The Gentile comes, as destiny decrees,
To Zion's land, for freedom held in store,

The poem ends with Elias, the angel, ascending from the east. His response forms the body of the epilogue, and the sign of the second coming of Christ is given. And with this prophecy, Elias is heralded as the prophet of the dawn.

THIS was *Elias*—an epic of the ages—and this was Orson F. Whitney. He was part of it. Innumerable poets were inspired by his lines to carry on where he left off. After the publication of *Elias*, Elder Whitney lived twenty-seven years to see the merit and teaching of his work. His work was his philosophy, and his thought that "a people cannot perish as long as its literature lives," has proved true.

There are critics in our modern age who have said that there has not been, prior to the twentieth century, any noteworthy literature from the west, that it is actually just now beginning. Could it be that these men have not read the works of Orson F. Whitney, or, having read, been prejudiced before they turned the title page? Those who uphold such an idea would do well to compare Whitney's scholarly work with any now on sale in our bookstores.



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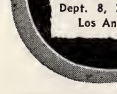
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COLONIZATION OF THE BIG HORN BASIN

(*Continued from page* 111)

the animals. Oats were obtained at Opal, Wyoming, which, with the salt sage and dry grass, kept the animals alive.

Other companies continued to come over the same route. Camps were established, and sources of supplies were sought out. Many pictures of those days came to my mind. Tents were lined up and down along the river, and how plainly everyone could be heard! In the evenings the horses were taken out across the river on the hills and herded, while people gathered in groups here and there, talking over conditions, playing a guitar, singing songs that were popular or hymns.

One menace was the rattlesnake; a woman found one in her tent, which made us all afraid.

As stated before, arrangements had been made to secure tools from Mr. Haskins, the hardware dealer at Bridger, Montana. An order for the necessary tools was sent to him by Mr. C. A. Welch, who collected the money, went to Bridger, and paid for them. Freight wagons were sent to Bridger for the tools, grain, food, and other necessities.

For the freight wagon, two or three wagons were hitched together, with eight or ten horses. The freight wagons supplied the country with food, clothes, tools, everything! Fifteen or twenty miles a day was their speed.

There were about two hundred people now at the head of the canal. Elder Franklin S. Richards, attorney for the Church, drew up articles of incorporation of the Big Horn Colonization Company. The canal on which they were to work was to be called the Sidon Canal.

Then came the most important day of all, May 28, 1900. Nearly everyone in camp went to the river, and all joined in singing, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

Elder Woodruff outlined the task before them, "The canal will be about thirty-seven miles long. It must be large enough to carry water to irrigate between twelve and fifteen thousand acres. It will take united effort to perform this gigantic task, for we are few in number. I urge you to pay your tithes and offerings. Keep the Sabbath day. Do not profane the name of Deity. Be honest with all men, and if you do all these things, this will be a land of Zion to you and your children and children's children throughout the generations to come."

Elder Woodruff then held the plow; Byron Sessions drove the team and plowed a furrow. The canal was started! Then teams and men went to the canal to work, boys laughing, harnesses rattling, women with babies in their arms seeing them off.

Wages to be paid for men and teams were set at four dollars, and for single hands, two dollars and twenty-five cents. Six dollars an acre was to be charged for the land, two dollars of this to be paid in cash at the time the amount of land was signed for, the rest in work.

Sometime later a new note crept into the regular morning and evening community prayers. Often when President Sessions prayed, he asked for a way to be opened up that food and shelter might be obtained by them for the coming winter. I believe it increased every day, and a question began to form in my mind as to whether it was a serious problem. I knew they had very little money, but then that youthful spirit in all of us believed some way had always been provided and always would be. Then a fast and prayer were observed. In later years one of my strongest testimonies was the answer to that prayer meeting.

Strangers were observed in camp one day. The rumor spread that they were railroad men and had come to see if the people there did not want to take some of the road grading to do. This meant food, means for living, feed for horses.

Now when the train goes by, it seems to me that the railroad was built at that time to help accomplish the building of the canal. Half the colony remained on the canal and half on the railroad, each group getting half money and half ditch stock for their pay.

These people were in an unknown country; their tents and wagons, their only homes; they had no doctors or hospitals. Years would pass before they could have any of these comforts. But the plans were made; the canal was started; and after this it was, "ditch, ditch."

The land was surveyed, and two towns laid out—Byron near the head of the canal, named in honor of our leader, Byron Sessions, and Cowley on Sage Creek near the foot of the Pryor Mountains.

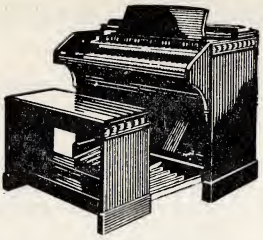
Cowley at its present site was laid out in the early fall of 1900. Joseph Neville and others surveyed the land and laid it out into lots. As soon as all lots were staked out and numbered, a drawing for these lots was planned. We had all been in camps both at the head of the canal and on the railroad and had shared so many experiences we had become fast friends.

A number representing a lot was put in a hat. Those who had worked up or paid for a certain amount of land or ditch stock were allowed to draw a number. As each stepped up and drew his number, he became the owner of a lot on which to build his home. (Mine, for example, was lot 3, block 44.) Charles A. Welch had the map of the town. Some were elated, some disappointed, but very few thought of changing. Going to look those lots over was like going home.

Following the drawing in September 1900, the canal work was discontinued, about eight miles of the ditch having been completed. Many person began hauling logs from Pryor Mountain in Montana with which to build log cabins to house themselves and their families for the winter; however, most of the people moved their tents up Sage Creek near Pryor Gap to work on the railroad. These families spent the winter in boarded-up tents. I was thankful for my log cabin.

Our land was at what is now Cowley. The men went up Sage Creek to the Pryor Mountains over a poorly made road and obtained logs. Two loads made our house. There was no lumber except in and around the door and one small window. The house was twelve by fourteen feet, with a roof of small poles nailed to a ridgepole sloping to the sides. These were daubed with mud. My, this house was grand to me; walls to keep off storms, a place to hang things up, a rag rug from our Utah home on the floor, a cupboard on the wall, a frame for the bedsprings. My cook stove kept it warm. Home! We moved into it November 1, 1900.

(*Concluded on following page*)



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COLONIZATION OF THE BIG HORN BASIN

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

About sixteen families remained in Cowley during the winter of 1900 and 1901. These families were desirous of having a school, but they had no books and no money. Pioneers, however, usually find a way to overcome difficulties. One of the men, William W. Willis, had gone down on the Shoshone River with his family in order to look after his cattle. He had built a log cabin, and it was decided that it would do for the school. The people hired me to teach the school, for I had previously taught in Utah. The salary was to be enough to hire a girl to look after my two children.

The school opened January 2, 1901, with twenty-four pupils and closed May 1, 1901.

One of the things that we missed so terribly was water. Cowley was situated on a dry bench six miles from the Shoshone River, the nearest water. The first winter, all the men went back to the railroad as it had to be finished by a certain date. After that was completed, everyone would go back to work on the canal. A Mr. Dickson was left at Cowley to haul water.

The night the water from the river came to the town of Cowley through the canal, July 14, 1902, everyone was out serenading, beating tin tubs, cans, and anything that would make a noise. How we rejoiced—and who does not over the successful accomplishment of a task! Yes, and the successful completion of a dream!

Land and water must be brought together to make the soil productive in agriculture. Our first gardens were raised in Cowley in 1902, every radish, bean, or tomato producing a thrill. How we irrigated them—perhaps too much!

Twenty-seven miles of railroad were finished August 22, 1901. During the years 1905 to 1908 the railroad was continued on to Thermopolis.

I. S. P. Weeks, who had charge of the railroad work, said to Jesse W. Crosby, Jr., "Mr. Crosby, the work you contracted has been completed, and we are more than pleased with the way you have handled the job. You have done the best work with the least trouble of anyone who ever worked for the Burlington Railroad."

By February 23, 1905, when the first train arrived at the Cowley depot, the people had earned between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars, which had all gone to the building of the country.

As I sit here this evening, with these bright lights all around, and then think of that first Christmas, it seems a complete "blackout."

About seven small one-room log houses made up this town. One coal-oil lamp in each house gave very little light. If the lady of the house did not pull down the blind too tightly, you might have seen here or there a faint gleam, otherwise there was darkness everywhere.

Almost all the men were up near Frannie working on the railroad, which left the women to put over anything they could to please the children, and to help keep their faith in Santa alive. Stockings were hung up in faith, and many a mother wondered how on earth to save heartbreaks. Candy made in secret, a small pie, a dressed-over doll, one of Dad's knives, and a few marbles were all we had.

One small store down near the river had kerosene, salt pork, and some dried fruit. The storekeeper proudly told the ladies he had some figs in for Christmas. A package from the folks back home saved many a child sorrow.

Early Christmas morning we awoke to a clear, cold, bright sun and the sound of a distant neighbor's boy playing a harmonica. That, and the determination of everyone not to grumble or quit, are the characteristics of the settlers that stand out in my thoughts tonight as I have traveled back forty-nine years to that first Christmas in Cowley.

Our first real celebration was New Year's Eve, December 31, 1900. That was a big red-letter night to us, for the pioneers of Cowley had very, very few "big times." Yes, we had a dance, and a big one, too! W. C. Partridge, Sr., had just laid the floor in his house. They intended to have two rooms, but they had not yet built the partition, and it certainly did seem large.

How we danced: quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, and schottisches! There was a smile on everyone's face and laughter above the music. Mrs. Frazer caused much amusement by telling funny stories, and Hyrum Cook had some difficulty in calling for the quadrilles. The ladies' skirts were so long they swept up every particle of dust.

Everyone had brought his lamp along. One of the men had made a trip on foot the day before, and we had a gallon of coal oil from Cook's store on the river, so we wouldn't have to go home too early.

The children went to sleep on the benches while the dancing continued. We had the picnic at midnight, more dancing, and then went home through the piercing cold, lamps in hands, babies in arms; our thrilling time was over.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

(*Continued from page* 98)

quadratic Equations, Natural Philosophy.

Third Term—Virgil's *Aeneid*, Latin Prose Composition, Homer's *Iliad*, Greek Prose Composition, Geometry, Roman History.

Fourth Term—Virgil's *Bucolics*, Homer's *Iliad*, Greek Prose Composition, Greek Testament (Gospels), Geometry, Roman History.

The courses of study for the sophomore, junior, and senior years were along these same lines, and the library in the old Council House made it possible for the students to study the classical subjects. The library was possibly the finest ever collected in pioneer America, and comprised a rare collection of literary and scientific works. It was brought by ox teams to this state in 1851, and was purchased in New York City by Dr. John M. Bernhisel. There were the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Homer, Juvenal, Lucretius, Virgil, Euripides, Sophocles, Plato, Montaigne, Tacitus, Spenser, Herodotus, Goldsmith, and many others of the masters of the world's best literature. The library received copies of the New York *Herald*, New York *Evening Post*, the Philadel-

phia *Saturday Courier,* and the North American *Review.* Of the scientific works there were Newton's *Principia,* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy,* and Von Humboldt's *Cosmos.* The treatises on philosophy included the works of John Stuart Mill, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Emanuel Swedenborg.

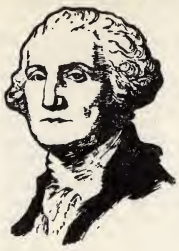
The school had an enrolment of two hundred and twenty-three students. The number of students was more than doubled the next year, and the University of Deseret from then on had a steady growth. In 1875, thirty-six graduates received diplomas.

Every catalog that followed through the years gave the names of the faculty members. There were teachers who played a great part during their lives in the educational, social, and, in some instances, political activities of the state. It would take a book to say what should be said about the old professors who gave their lives as finely trained men to the educational interests of the state. As one recalls them, one remembers how they all taught young men and women to seek eagerly the meaning and beauty of the things of the spirit. There was then, and there always has been, a high concept of moral principles which grew out of the teachings of Christ, in the belief that every subject that enlarges the horizon of the student and gives him a truer, saner, and more liberal view of man and life should become part of the curriculum. It is not the subject that determines these qualities, but the spirit in which it is taught. Many of the graduates of Utah may recall how Professor William M. Stewart liked to recite the words of Epictetus:

> You will confer the greatest benefit on your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens; for it is better that great souls live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

A notable event in the history of the university was the memorial service, held June 9, 1919, when the Park Building was dedicated. Hundreds of old graduates and students came to the campus to honor the former president who held office from 1868 until 1893. The services were impressive, for no teacher of Utah was held in greater respect

(*Concluded on following page*)



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HALL'S REMEDY
Salt Lake City, Utah

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

than was Dr. Park. During his years of presidency he became known throughout the West, and lectured extensively before the teachers of the public schools. The march of the alumni that day, together with the president, regents, and professors then in the university, was an impressive thing. It was led by Held's band, and the program included an address by Senator Joseph L. Rawlins, who was a professor in the university in the early seventies. Professor Willard Weihe, former professor of music, gave a violin solo, and the ode to Dr. Park, composed by Evan Stephens, was read by the author:

MEMORIAL ODE

Ye halls that rise,
A firm foundation lies
Of everlasting mighty hills beneath your walls.
Strong and secure,
Cemented to endure
Through ages yet to come, whate'er befalls.

Greater than ye,
Though strong and fair ye be,
Ariseth even now a fond and honored name
For which ye stand,
And crown our beauteous land,
Where shall endure for aye his work and fame.

Knowledge and art
And love shall ne'er depart
From this fair temple in his honor built and named.
Long side by side,
All glorious shall abide
Your names, together blent, beloved and famed.

Immediately after the program in the gymnasium, the crowd assembled in front of the administration building, where William W. Riter, chairman of the Board of Regents, gave an address in which he recounted the long years of service of Dr. Park. Dr. Seymour B. Young, a graduate from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, gave the dedicatory prayer, and brought his eloquent message to a close with these words:

. . . Founded by the pioneers for the education of the youth of this Commonwealth, we are grateful that our children have this beautiful campus and these buildings as a centre of learning for thy glory and honor. Many noted men have gone from these halls as graduates and they, with the hundreds of other Alumni, hold them in deep and lasting reverence. We dedicate this building, O Lord, to be a sovereign centre for the highest intellectual and moral life of all its students, and we ask thee to bless it for all time to come. May it be a light unto the many young people who will come in future days to study here, and may they walk in the paths of learning that lead to thine eternal truths. May they never falter in the Cause and Purpose of thy Holy Word.

Professor F. M. Bishop gave the address at the grave of Dr. Park, when the students covered it with flowers. Professor Bishop closed his remarks by quoting from an address given by Dr. Park to the teachers of the Salt Lake City schools at the beginning of his career as president of the University:

It takes a peculiar man to be the right sort of teacher. As to his intellectual qualifications, his mind should be a fountain and not a reservoir, so that his knowledge and illustrations will gush up of themselves, and not have to be drawn as by a windlass. He should be a man of ingenuity and tact, of various resources and expedients, and not a helpless creature of custom, plodding on day after day in the same beaten path, like a horse in a bark mill. He should be fresh in his feelings and sympathies and not a statue or petrified post; his heart should be young in all its pulsations, though his head be as bald as that of the prophet Elisha. His mental storehouse should be filled with the fruits of various and extensive reading, so that he need not be compelled to draw his illustrations, for the recitation room, from the tales of his grandmother, nor from the old textbooks he studied years ago, nor alone from the examples and methods of his own former teacher, nor from the treasures of last year's almanac.

No two persons are exactly alike in their views and actions. There may be points of resemblance, but there will be shades of difference more or less striking. While the teacher should ever be thankful to learn from others, he should never seek to attain results in precisely the same way that he has seen them secured by others.



During all the years since the University has graduated students, annual commencement exercises have been held to honor them and to send them forth into life that they might take part in the living present and work out their destinies as honorable citizens. They look forward, and the hopes for the future inspire them.

Life at the university today is cosmopolitan, and the students are taking part in the living present. Their lives are freshened by the idea of original discovery and new thought. They are students of the literature, philosophy, and sciences of the world. Students from the Oriental nations are adding a novel life to the campus, and the Hindus and Chinese are discussing the plays of Shakespeare and the philosophy of William James. "As for the Holy Bible," says one, "it is the book that will yet unite the world in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." On the campus these foreign students recite their individual faiths and impart their beliefs in such words as the following:

SHINTO:

I will halt here today; and, having purified myself, will go forth tomorrow; and worship at the temple of the Deity.
—Kojiki 133

BUDDHISM:

Let one cultivate good will towards all the world,—a mind illimitable, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity. This mode of living is the supreme good.
—Sutta-Nipata 150-151

JUDAISM:

. . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.
—Isaiah 2:4

CHRISTIANITY:

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
—Matthew 5:9

The ideals of the founders of the university have been realized. Its graduates have gone into all the world to play their parts in making the world better. They go with the words of an ancient sage, remembered for all time:

Not thine to complete the work, neither art thou free to lay it down.

Lehi in the Desert

(*Continued from page* 104)

language of his fathers—he cannot possibly be speaking of Hebrew. The necessary precautions to preserve Hebrew would naturally include possession of the scriptures, but these could be had anywhere in Judah and would not require the dangerous mission to Laban. The language of Lehi's forefathers was a foreign language; and when the Book of Mormon tells us it was the language of the Egyptians, it means what it says.

Not only do both Nephi and Lehi show marked coolness on the subject of tribal loyalty, but both also protest that tribe counts for nothing, that the same blessings are available to all men at all times and in all parts of the world (*Ibid.*, 10:17-22), that "the Lord esteemeth all flesh in one" (*Ibid.*, 17:35), there being no such thing as an arbitrarily "chosen" people. (*Ibid.*, 17:37-40.) This is in marked contrast to the fierce chauvinism of the Jews at Jerusalem and is of a piece with Lehi's pronounced cosmopolitanism in other things. Lehi, like Moses and his own ancestor, Joseph, was a man of *three* cultures, being educated not only in "the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians," but in the ways of the desert as well. This three-cornered culture is an established pattern in that part of the world where the caravans of Egypt and Israel pass each other, guided through the sands by those men of the desert who were the immemorial go-between of the two civilizations.[87] Without the sympathetic cooperation of the Arabs any passage through their deserts was a terrible risk when not out of the question, and the good businessman was the one who knew how to deal with the Arabs—which meant to be one of them.[88]

The proverbial ancestor of the Arabs is Ishmael. His is one of the few Old Testament names which is also at home in ancient Arabia.[89] His traditional homeland was the Tih, the desert between Palestine and Egypt, and his people were haunters of the "borders" between the desert and the sown;[90] he was regarded as the legitimate offspring of Abraham by an Egyptian

(*Continued on following page*)



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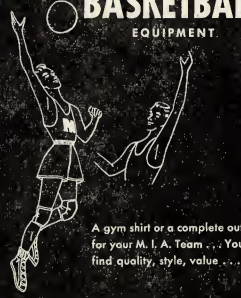
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(*Continued from preceding page*)

mother.[90] His was not a name of good omen, for the angel had promised his mother, " . . . he will be a wild man, his hand will be against everyone, and every man's hand against him . . . ,"[91] so the chances are that one who bore his name had good family reasons for doing it, and in Lehi's friend Ishmael we surely have a man of the desert. Lehi, faced with the prospect of a long journey in the wilderness, sent back for Ishmael, who promptly followed into the desert with a large party; this means that he must have been hardly less adept at moving about than Lehi himself. The interesting thing is that Nephi takes Ishmael (unlike Zoram) completely for granted, never explaining who he is or how he fits into the picture—the act of sending for him seems to be the most natural thing in the world, as does the marriage of his daughters with Lehi's sons. Since it has ever been the custom among the desert people for a man to marry the daughter of his paternal uncle (*bint 'ammi*), it is hard to avoid the impression that Lehi and Ishmael were related.

There is a remarkable association between the names of Lehi and Ishmael which ties them both to the southern desert, where the legendary birthplace and central shrine of Ishmael was at a place called Beer Lehai-ro'i.[92] Wellhausen rendered the name "spring of the wild-ox (?) jaw-bone," but Paul Haupt showed that Lehi (for so he reads the name) does not mean "jawbone" but "cheek,"[93] which leaves the meaning of the strange compound still unclear. One thing is certain, however: that Lehi is a personal name. Until recently this name was entirely unknown, but now it has turned up at Elath and elsewhere in the south in a form which has been identified by Nelson Glueck with the name *Lahai* which "occurs quite frequently either as a part of a compound, or as a separate name of deity or person, particularly in Minaean, Thamudic, and Arabic texts."[94] There is a Beit Lahi, "House of Lehi" among the ancient placenames of the Arab country around Gaza, but the meaning of the name has here been lost.[95] If the least be said for it, the name *Lehi* is thoroughly at home among the people of the desert and, so far as we know, nowhere else.

The name of Lemuel is not a conventional Hebrew one, for it occurs only in one chapter of the Old Testament (Proverb 31:1, 4), where it is commonly supposed to be a rather mysterious poetic substitute for Solomon. It is, however, like Lehi, at home in the south desert, where an Edomite text from "a place occupied by tribes descended from Ishmael" bears the title, "The Words of Lemuel, King

THIS DAY—

With Its Problems and Promise

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

Some nineteen centuries or so ago there walked among men one Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace. His fortunes varied from being acclaimed King to being condemned to death. Even the sick whom he healed did not always pause to give gratitude. And in his time of greatest need he could not even count on those who but a few days before had strewn his path with palms. The principles he proclaimed were not popular with the prevailing powers of his time and were not well understood by the people. And because his precepts and principles apparently have not prevailed, men have sometimes become cynical, have sometimes despaired, have sometimes lost hope and faith in the future. But let no man lose faith in the future: The spirit of this day is proof of what life could be like when his precepts are put even into partial practice. And the spirit of many darker days is proof of the price we pay for departing from his principles. But even though men have made many mistakes in the use of their God-given freedom, the promising part of the picture is this: not that so many men forsake these principles—but that the principles themselves persist—that they are here and await only a time when men shall turn to them. If there were no plan, no pattern, no purpose, if there were no all-prevailing Providence, no way provided for the solution of the problems, the depth of despair would be unbounded; but the fact is that there is an answer, that there is a pattern for peace, that there is an all-prevailing purpose, and that there is sound reason for an unfailing faith in the future—in the gospel of the Prince of Peace, which is here, and ever ready for us to turn to whenever men shall have learned their lessons. And now soon again, after this day and tomorrow, we shall go back to our pressing problems, back to the pressure of the daily pursuits that make more and ever more demands upon our patience. And as we do, we could well determine to take with us the spirit of this day, which lights the eyes of children and puts laughter on their lips and mellows the hearts of men. In the words of Dickens: "Nearer and dearer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit. . . . God bless us, everyone."

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of Massa."[96] These people, though speaking a language that was almost Arabic, were yet well within the sphere of Jewish religion, for "we have nowhere any evidence that the Edomites used any other name for their God than Yahweh, the God of the Hebrews."[98]

The only example of the name of Laman to be found anywhere to the writer's knowledge is its attribution to an ancient *Mukam,* or sacred place, in Palestine. Most of these *Mukams* are of unknown, and many of them of prehistoric, date. In Israel only the tribe of Manasseh built them.[97] It is a striking coincidence that Conder saw in the name *Leimun,* as he renders it (the vowels must be supplied by guesswork), a possible corruption of the name Lemuel, thus bringing these two names, so closely associated in the Book of Mormon, into the most intimate relationship, and that in the one instance in which the name of Laman appears.[98] Far more popular among the Arabs as among the Nephites was the name Alma, which can mean a coat of mail, a mountain, or a sign.[99]

It should be noted here that archaeology has fully demonstrated that the Israelites, then as now, had not the slightest aversion to giving their children non-Jewish names, even when those names smacked of a pagan background.[100] One might, in a speculative mood, even detect something of Lehi's personal history in the names he gave to his sons. The first two have Arabic names—do they recall his early days in the caravan trade? The second two have Egyptian names, and indeed they were born in the days of his prosperity. The last two, born amid tribulations in the desert, were called with fitting humility, Jacob and Joseph. Whether the names of the first four were meant, as those of the last two sons certainly were (II Nephi 2:1, 3:1), to call to mind the circumstances under which they were born, the names are certainly a striking indication of their triple heritage.

(To be continued)

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[87]J. Offord, "Further Illustrations of the Elephantine Aramaic Jewish Papyri," *PEFQ* 1917, p. 127.

[88]*Archaeol. & the Relig. of Israel,* p. 160.

[89]D. S. Margoliouth, *The Relations Between Arabs and Israelites Prior to the Rise of Islam* (The Schweich Lectures, London, 1924) p. 13.

[90]The Persians in Egypt wrote Aramaic because Egyptian script was too clumsy and hard to learn, according to Th. Noeldeke, *Die Semitischen Sprachen* (Leipzig, 1899) p. 34, yet we are asked to believe that the Jews reversed the process and learned the awkward Egyptian script just so they could use it to write their native Hebrew in a little less space! It is unthinkable that they should have shelved their sacred and superbly practical script (Torczyner, *Lachish Letters,* p. 15) to sweat at learning one of the worst systems of writing ever devised simply to save space—and that at the grave risk of being misunderstood on every line. The main objection to the theory, however, is that one can't save space by writing Hebrew in Egyptian characters. Any script to compete with Hebrew in economy would have to be a shorthand. We know that the demotic Egyptian of Lehi's time was almost that, and we also know that shorthand is short by virtue of being very closely adapted to the peculiar sound combinations of a particular language, i.e., it is the most highly idiomatic form of writing known, and as such cannot be transferred from one language to another without losing its economy. Hebrew can be written in Egyptian characters, as German and Russian can be written in Gregg, but not economically, to say the least. Lehi " . . . had been taught the language of the Egyptians" while he was still living in Palestine; and for what would he have used Egyptian script in Palestine? Not for writing Hebrew, certainly, but for writing the only language to which that script is adapted—Egyptian. That the prehistoric Semitic alphabet was derived from Egyptian characters has of course no bearing on the case—in the end our own English alphabet has the same origin, but that does not make it Egyptian.

[91]Granted that he knew his writing would have to be translated for both Jew and Gentile (this would not have been the case had he written in Hebrew!). Nephi, like Mormon (8:35), thinks of himself as actually addressing his unseen future readers. The natural thing in such a case is to conform as nearly as possible to the situation that one is idealizing. For Nephi the situation calls for Egyptian. Had he written in Hebrew, the gift and power of God would not have been necessary for the translation of his work, which would have required at most a knowledge of Hebrew and a chart of but twenty-two symbols, which could easily have been reconstructed from the text. More than twenty-two symbols brings up the shorthand problem.

[92]E. J. Bickerman, "Colophon of the Greek Esther," *Jnl.Bib.Lit.* 63 (1944), 339ff, showing that the tradition of the colophon was most carefully preserved in Egypt. R. O. Faulkner, "The Bremer-Rhind Papyrus—II" *Jnl. Eg. Archaeol.* XXIII (1937) 10; cf. F. Ll. Griffith, "The Teaching of Amenophis the Son of Kanakht," *JEA* XII (1926), 195f.

[93]Faulkner, *loc. cit.*

[94]Bickerman, *op. cit.*

[95]The formula is *iw-f pw,* lit. "it is thus," and concludes the Story of Sinuhe and the Maxims of the Sages Ptahotep and Kagemeni. K. Sethe, *Aegyptische Lesestuecke* (Leipzig, 1924) pp. 17, 42, 43; discussed in his *Erlaeuterungen zu den aeg. Lesestuecken* (Leipzig, 1927) pp. 21, 58, 61. "That is its end" concludes the Teaching of Amenophis, Griffith, *op. cit.* p. 225.

[96]A. H. Gardiner, "New Literary Works from Ancient Egypt," *JEA* 1 (1914) 25; incidentally, the Egyptian here quoted had connections with Palestine, *id,* p. 30.

[97]Meyer, *Gesch. d. Alt.* 1:2, 176.

[98]The Teaching of Amenophis is addressed, "For his son, the youngest of his children, little compared to his relations" Then follows a long text presenting a number of surprising parallels to the Book of Proverbs (p. 202) and a remarkable one to Ps. I, the righteous man being compared to "a tree grown in a plot (?) . . . its fruit is sweet, its shade is pleasant," etc. Compare this to II Ne. 2 and 3, Lehi's description of fruit "white" (I Ne. 8:11) is a typical Egyptianism (A. Erman & H. Grapow, *Woerterb. d. aeg. Sprache* III, 206f, 211f.)

[99]The foregoing note illustrates this; see A. von Gall, *Basileia ton Theou* (Heidelberg, 1926) pp. 48-82; Meyer, *G.d.A.* 1:2, 274; Albright, *Archaeol. & the Relig. of Israel,* p. 21; D. C. Simpson, "The Hebrew Book of Proverbs and the Teachings of Amenophis," *JEA* XII (1926), 232ff.

[100]Von Gall, *op. cit.* pp. 65-68; Breasted, *History of Egypt,* p. 547.

[71]Von Gall, p. 67f.

[72]Gardiner, v. Gall, *op. cit.* pp. 49-55.

[73]The danger of preparing for an expedition in the city is obvious, since the curiosity aroused leads to dangerous questions and may have far-reaching effects, see Bertram Thomas, *Arabia Felix* (N. Y., Scribners, 1932) p. 36, with the account of preparations and activities at the "base camp" pp. 112-124; H. St. J. B. Philby, *The Empty Quarter* (New York, Henry Holt, 1933) pp. 9-13.

[74]Cowley, *Aramaic Papyri,* col. xiv. 1.208.

[75]Ed. Meyer, *Die Israeliten und ihre Nachbarstaemme* (Halle, 1906), p. 307.

[76]To this day there are farmers in Palestine who spend much of their time living in tents on the desert; our friend Mose Kader was of this class, see G. E. Kirk, "The Negev, or Southern Desert of Palestine" *PEFQ* 1941, p. 60. On the other hand, Lord Kitchener (*PEFQ* 1884, p. 206) noticed tent-dwelling Arabs, true Bedouins, sowing barley on the land around Gaza. Of the Moahib Arabs Doughty writes (*Travels in Arabia Deserta,* 1933,

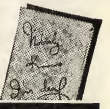
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LEHI IN THE DESERT

(*Continued from preceding page*)

I, 276): "Their harvest up, they strike the hamlets of tents, and with their cattle go forth to wander as nomads." Karl Raswan, *Drinkers of the Wind* (N.Y., Creative Age Press, 1944) describes at length the easy coming and going between desert and city, rich Arabs of the town often going out to spend a season or a few hours on the sands.

[77]J. W. and G. M. Crowfoot, in *PEFQ* 1933, p. 24. Nearly a contemporary of Lehi is "the Arabian chief who camped in the outskirts of Jerusalem at Nehemiah's time and bore the good North Arabic name of Geshem (Jusham) . . . " N. A. Faris (ed.) *The Arab Heritage* (Princeton University Press, 1944), p. 35.

[78]Ed. Meyer, *op. cit.* p. 305; cf. *G.d.A.* II:1, 486f, 342ff, 347.

[79]Ph. J. Baldensperger, "The Immovable East." *PEFQ* 1922, 163; 1926, 93-97; Dhorme, "Le Pays de Job," *Revue Biblique* N.S (1911), 102-7; G A. Barton, "The Original Home of the Story of Job." *Jnl.Bibl.Lit.* 31 (1912) 63. This is not to say that the patriarchs were "primitives," for ". . . we are learning to think of the immigrants not as nomads in the savage or semi-savage state, but as colonists carrying with them to their new homes the memories of a developed political organization, with usages and practices having a history behind them." Margoliouth, *Arabs and Israelites*, etc. p. 25.

[80]P. Baldensperger, in *PEFQ* 1923, p. 176. As recently as 2000 B. C. Hebrew and Arabic had not yet emerged from "what was substantially a common language, understood from the Indian Ocean to the Taurus and from the Zagros to the frontier of Egypt. This common language (excluding Accadian) was as homogeneous as was Arabic a thousand years ago," W. F. Albright, "Recent Progress in North Canaanite Research," *BASOR* 70 (1938) p. 21. The curious and persistent homogeneity of culture and language among the desert people of the Near East has often excited comment, e.g., Margoliouth, *op. cit.* p. 5; Philby, *The Empty Quarter*, p. 65; Noeldeke, *Semit. Sprachen*, pp. 52. 57; Meyer, *Israeliten*, p. 305, 307; Margoliouth even notes (*op. cit.* p. 8) that "A Sabaean (south Arab) would have found little to puzzle him in the first verse of Genesis."

[81]A. Guillaume, "The Habiru, the Hebrews, and the Arabs," *PEFQ* 1946, 65f; 67: "I do not think that there is much doubt that the Hebrews were what we should call Arabs, using the term in its widest sense." *Id.* 78: "Somewhere about the beginning of the first millennium B.C. the name Habiru or Hebrew gradually gave way before the form 'Arabu.' " W. F. Albright, in *BASOR* 70, p. 21: "No sharp distinction is made between Hebrews, Aramaeans, and Arabs in the days of the Patriarchs."

[82]Guillaume, *op. cit.* p. 77, citing Noeldeke. Though the Jews have always shown great capacity for assimilating other cultures, by far the "most readily assimilated . . . was the influence of the kindred Semitic culture of Arabia," S. L. Caiger, *Bible and Spade* (Oxford University Press, 1936) p. 84.

[83]A. Bergman, "Half-Manasseh." *Jnl. Pal. Or. Soc.* XVI (1936) p. 225; Manasseh was born in Egypt and adopted by Jacob (*id.* p. 249). In a Manasssite genealogy "the names show a preponderance of Arabic etyma . . . " indicating "continual influx from the desert," (p. 228). Manasseh by an

NOVEMBER MISSIONARIES

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME NOVEMBER 7, AND DEPARTING NOVEMBER 16, 1949

Reading from left to right, first row: Don Bennion, Glen C. Lyons, C. Edgar Peterson, Jr., Lynn J. Hess, Ernel Le Roy Anderson, Howard Hinckley, Darwin W. Manship, David A. Randall, Homer P. Johnson, H. Deon Bowler, Lynn O. White, Edward C. Horsley.

Second row: Daryl Vance Hodson, Barbara Hall, Mavis Plowman, Thiel Kunz, Marilyn Baird, Max D. Reading, Carol Sanderson, Mack William Tueller, Neil Karren, Byron J. Horrocks, Darrell H. Holt.

Third row: J. James Rutter, Lynn Pendleton, R. Deon Harrison, Doniel Nield, Maud Nield, Lois Brown, J. Vergil Bushman, Ruth F. Bushman, Melvo Taylor, Lloyd P. Oldham, Lydia O. Oldham, S. Boyd Smith, Shirley Steadman.

Fourth row: Hestello A. Kowallis, Theresio Anderson, Bessie Eleonor Jensen, Dorothy Gardner, Gene McDoniel, Carol Gene McClellan, Oscar L. Rider.

Fifth row: Vernon Gorner, James Bellridge, Ruby Eames, Merle Lloyd, Robert S. McClellan, Jessica C. Richey, Mrs. Hozel Weber, Fred Weber, Frances Neff, Jeanne Bowen, Marilyn Randoll, Mary Astod, Wilma Sloughter.

Sixth row: Watson Ririe, Robert L. Mercer, Sheldon L. Nicolaysen, Elden H. Mass, Wallace L. Livingston, Fountelle Clarke, Mae T. Kunz, Abel Kunz, Fay Perrett, Beth L. Hakes, Barbara Cambell, Winnie Blackner, Zona E. Walker, Fredrick Seibold.

Seventh row: ReNee Harper, Rosalie Arave, Leona Carlson, Jean Hanneman, LoMan Neubert, Clifford H. Jensen, Iwan M. Black, Curtis W. Slade, Ralph L. Thacker, Hal Clarke, Dean Bingham, Jayne Knowlton, Goldwyn Wimmer, Ingeborg L. Forschner, Emil Amann, Dick Wright.

Eighth row: Rex B. Lybbert, Harold Alan Wood, Margan Eugene Hurd, Robert L. Kendall, J. Reed Bird, Bert Glen Lund, Francis J. Block, George S. Goble, Orin L. Crump, William L. Perkins, Harrison Kerry Frost.

Ninth row: Carlos E. McCombs, Gail S. Young, Golden J. Waite, A. Laron Kunz, Gerald N. Atkinson, John H. Nielson, Grant Clegg, LaDee W. Chodwick, Fredrick Kerkmon, Joel K. Mellor.

Tenth row: Wesley C. Wootton, Reid H. Goodrich, Vern W. King, John R. Fridell, Jay A. Thompson, Owen J. Benson, Doyle Lavard Wilkins, Layne B. Forbes, Gordon Ell Sloan, R. Richard Gray, Gerold M. Finch, Leon C. Miller.

Eleventh row: Eugene B. Ronneburg, Richard S. Despain, Edward Fillerup, Herbert H. Osborn, Darrell William Jackson, Ross B. Hutchinson, H. Don Ashcroft, Jay Fawson, Delbert J. Seamons, Dean Carroll, Roy Warburton, William Glenn.

Twelfth row: Thomas Oakes, Frank Jacobsen, Alton Nelson, Clair Burr, Dean H. Seely, Dean Holmes, Bob Breinholt, Newel Dee Cox, Lynn Wilkes, P. R. Heilbut, David K. Darley.

Thirteenth row: Emil Junior Rothlisberger, Cleon Smith, Earl Deon Knighton, William C. Roberts, Jr., Robert D. Biggs, Glen W. Vance, Harrison Eldon Maughan, James Moyer Grow, Norman J. Montgomery, Melvin O. Dearden, Floyd W. Crump, George Sterling Nixon, Clair E. Jorgensen, Dale L. Singleton.

Fourteenth row: Morris E. Neilson, Leo C. Peterson, Gail M. Rogers, Max C. Johns, Robert D. Sellers, Raymond S. Kellis, Gail Pew, Joseph Hancock, Gary B. Lyman, James R. Moss, John W. Derricott.

Fifteenth row: James Bird Allen, Jr., Gary Lloyd Love, Charles W. Hillier, Don Brown, Robert Van Wagenen, Oman M. Tracy, Richard H. Shorten, Elwyn L. Smith, Randolph Bergesen, Gene F. Deem, R. Lynn Harrison, Roy E. Wendt, Douglas Wallace, Merlin Frank Anderson.

Sixteenth row: Ezra Max Hatch, Richard A. Smith, Stanley Kay Taylor, L. Deon Jones, Richard A. Jensen, Henry Lloyd Goldsmith, Roy R. Gibson, Charles F. McGuire, John H. Gerstner, Jr., Leon Thomas Ward, R. Dean Titensor.

Seventeenth row: Donald W. Brown, Donald H. Sly, Calvin E. Clark, Virl R. Nuttall, Reed C. Seegmiller, Richard W. Goldsberry, Richard M. Taylor, Ronald E. Ashcroft, Daryle Morgan, Dean Robinson, Myron W. Thompson.

Eighteenth row: Delbert Murroy Madsen, Shorland Garth Hunsaker, John R. Schneider, A. Keith Schloppy, Boyd Dale Hansen, Vernon R. Spencer, Neil C. Farr, James C. Hoggan, L. Vernan Woodbury, Dale Weston Gordon, Dan Jay Workman.

Left balcony: Harold G. Gordner, Douglas L. Orton, Dean L. Hailstone, Howard McArthur.

Right balcony: Reed L. Mickelson, J. Robert McAdam, Arthur E. Hutchens, Wendell Collier, Marcus Barnes, John Keith Haws, John L. Durrant.



Aramaean concubine begot the father of Gilead, and the portion of Manasseh himself was the land of Gilead, "wholly Transjordanic." **(loc. cit.).** M. H. Segal, "The Settlement of Manasseh East of the Jordan," *PEFQ* 1918, pp. 125-131, refutes the common theory that this was "a reflux of emigration from the western side of the Jordan," the alternative being that Manasseh, the most powerful of all the tribes, was already in the desert from the beginning.

[84]It has been suggested that Ammon, like his competitor Aton, was originally from Syria-Palestine, a theory that has somewhat to recommend it, especially since Wainwright has shown the prehistoric Palestinian associations of Min of Coptos (the original Amon). G. Wainwright, "The Emblem of Min, "*JEA* XVII (1931), 186-93, and XVIII (1932), 161ff, and XIX (1933), p. 43.

[85]Albright, *Archaeol. & the Relig. of Israel*, p. 171.

[86]Thus "the Arabs of the south, though settled at their bases, were indomitable travelers and merchants. . . ." Guillaume, *PEFQ* 1946, p. 67. There is nothing to prevent Lehi, though settled at *his* base, from being an indomitable traveler, unless one interprets I Nephi 1:3 to mean that he never set foot outside the city from the day of his birth—a palpable absurdity.

[87]"The natural character of the Bedu tribes has always been to act as a kind of intermediary people, with no fixed politics. . . ." Baldensperger, *PEFQ* 1925, p. 85. Even today "the 'Arishiye(t) Bedus on the Egyptian frontier carry goods by land from Gaza to Egypt and vice versa. They are a peculiar intermediate class; they practice commerce and agriculture and are camel rearers." (Baldensperger, *PEFQ* 1922, p. 161), cf. J. L. Burckhardt, *Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys* (London, 1831) I, 9, 26f, 30f, 275f. In the sixth century B.C. the Arabs took Gaza, the northern anchor of the Egyptian trade line (Herodot. *Hist.* III. 5, 7, 91. Albright. in *Jnl. Pal. Or. Soc.* IV, 130). Arab merchants, enriched by the three-cornered trade founded the Nabataean state (Geo. E. Kirk, "The Negev or the Southern Desert of Palestine," *PEFQ* 1941, p, 62). At all times the Palestine-Egyptian trade was the main, if not the only source of wealth to these people, T. Canaan. in *Jnl. Pal. Or. Soc.* II, 144. On the antiquity of the three-cornered trade see Lieblein, *Handel u. Schiffahrt*, pp. 76, 134-6; W. J. Phythian-Adams, "Israel in the Arabah," *PEFQ* 1933, p. 142; G. E. Kirk, in *PEFQ* 1941, p. 61f; S. Perowne, "Note on 1 Kings. ch. X, 1-13" *PEFQ* 1939, p. 201; Albright, in *Jnl. Pal. Or. Soc.* IV, 130-2.

[88]It is equally in the interest of the Bedouins to have alliances with the town dwellers and farmers; the result is a far closer affinity between the two ways of life than one would suppose: "All the desert tribes have their allies or relations among the Bedouins or *fellahin* in the cultivated portions of Palestine and Egypt . . . no doubt this was at first dictated by policy . . . but it cuts both ways, and anybody who takes the trouble to investigate and understand these relationships will find it comparatively easy to make arrangements with tribes in the desert, however far they may be," *PEFQ* 1907, p. 95. From the beginning the Jews were forced by their geographical position to deal with Arabs and to engage in trade, see Elias Auerbach, Wüste und Gelobtes Land (Berlin, 1932) p, 2

[89]Margoliouth, *Arabs and Israelites*, p. 29. Guillaume. *PEFQ* 1946, p. 80.

[90]Meyer, *Israeliten*. p. 302.

[91]J. Zeller, "The Bedawin," *PEFQ* 1901, p. 198.

[92a]"A man has an exclusive right to the hand of his cousin; he is not obliged to marry her, but she cannot without his consent, become the wife of another person." Burckhardt, Notes I. 113. The fact that there was no obstacle to the group marraige of Lehi's sons with Ishmael's daughters may almost be taken as proof that the young people were cousins.

[92]Meyer, op. *cit.*, p. 322f.

[93]P. Haupt, "Heb. Lehi, cheek. and lo-a', jaw," *Jnl.Bibl.Lit.* XXXIII (1914) 290-5.

[94]N. Glueck, "Ostraca from Elath," *BASOR* 80 (1940) 5-6. fig. 2.

[95]*The Survey of Western Palestine, Name Lists* (E. H. Palmer, Comment., London, 1881) p. 358.

[96]E. ben Yehuda, "The Edomite Language," *Jnl.Pal.Or.Soc.* I (1921) 113-5.

[97]C. Clermont-Ganneau, "Moslem Mukams," in *Survey of Western Palestine, Special Papers*, p. 325.

[98]C. R. Conder, in same vol. as above, n. 97, p. 272.

[99]*Surv. of Wstn. Palest., Name Lists*, pp. 40. 17, 66.

[100]A. Reifenberg, "A Hebrew Shekel of the 5th Century B.C." *PEFQ* 1943, p. 102f; Albright. *Archaeol. & the Relig of Israel*, p 113. Among the children of those contemporaries of Lehi who fled to Egypt, Persian, Babylonian and "even Arabian names may be suspected," though they remained good Jews, S. A. Cook, "The Jews of Seyene in the Fifth Century B.C." *PEFQ* 1907, 68f.

DECEMBER MISSIONARIES

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME DECEMBER 5, AND DEPARTING DECEMBER 14, 1949

Reading from left to right, first row: Iris Nelson, Arthur W. Reynolds, Robert Kent Richeson, Ted B. Secrist, Verda Eschler, Don B. Colton, director; Norma Jones, Leona Stevenson, Vivetta Hunter, Dorothy Cahall, Grace Johnson.

Second row: Wilma Mendenhall, Ethelyn Erickson, Annie Darlene Price, Lila Carol Brimley, Faye Elizabeth Coombs, Norma Fae Lundberg, Barbara Anderson, Nancy Barker, Marian Cherrington, Thomas A. Williams, Elmo Calapp, Elizabeth Wagner.

Third row: William S. Hill, Lois H. Hill, Samuel Pollock, Emily Pollock, Ralph J. Wilcock, Annie L. Wilcock, J. A. McMurrin, Mae McMurrin, Donna Chapman, Ina S. Butler, Charlene Armstrong, Dwaine Wagner.

Fourth row: Chester Lew Bolingbroke, Ruel A. Allred, Harry Bitton, Julia Bitton, Laura Stephens, Carl D. Stephens, Stanley H. Rich, Catherine W. Rich, Clarice J. James, J. W. James, Clara Milner, George B. Milner, Jr., Stewart M. Buttars.

Fifth row: Joseph James Buckley, William James Skidmore, Carl M. Shaner, Jr., DeVon K. Nelson, Calvin E. Wheeler, DeLoy U. Ottley, Darwin O. Matcalf, James Holladay, Graydon K. Calder, W. Farrell Pilkington, Samuel Banner, Ray E. Wayman, Horace S. Baugh.

Sixth row: Norman Ensign, Wanda Livingston, Iona Roundy, Caroline Hobson, Barbara Dumke, Lucille Chapman, Eldon A. Jones, Cleon Hodges, LaVar Zohner, Mac F. Reynolds, Kerry M. Heinz, S. Grant Jewkes, Wendell Jones.

Seventh row: Lealen Blain Collard, Mary Peel, Minnie Hamilton, Norma Smith, Phyliss Wardle, Tharin Bigler, Dean D. Baxter, John Colt, Dan R. Sorenson, Verlon T. Jackson, Mack W. Brown.

Eighth row: Sam J. Hughes, LeRoy M. Whiting, Robert R. Forsberg, Arthur W. Wiscomb, Jr., Max Perkins, Clair A. Millett, Donald N. Arbon, Dean Martin, Robert Liddle, John W. Terry, John P. Redd, Clay Graham, Darrell W. Nield, R. E. Green.

Ninth row: Jack O. Peterson, Roy D. Hatch, Calvin Decker, George M. Hall, W. B. Speakman, John W. Waite, Dayle W. Dunkley, Loraine K. Duffin, Joseph L. Peterson, Jay G. Macfarlane.

Tenth row: Henry O. Holley, Owen L. Gibson, Grant M. Patch, Clark J. Kidd, Eldon R. Howick, J. Cal Roberts, Kenneth L. Ropp, Mark Lindsay, DeVon R. Woodland, Varon L. Howell, Francis W. Carling.

Eleventh row: Donald W. Moore, Mark W. Staples, Ashel Rex Mellor, Ross M. Young, Dale J. Laub, William D. Smith, Richard Kent Miner, Floyd Tuttle, Duane Bishop, Burdell Dyches, Fred Thornton, Fenton Matkin.

Twelfth row: John D. Cope, Arnold L. Frazier, Rodney T. Clark, Harold William Scholes, Milton A. Christensen, Clive Barney, Ellis Call, Donald Hunt, Boyd Burbidge, Ray L. Sargent, A. W. Ritchhart.

Thirteenth row: Ronald B. Anderson, Eldred W. Irving, William Heber Hardy, Wayne Nelson, Robert Frame, Albert M. Farnsworth, Jay W. Kotter, Sterling Tolman, Jay P. Broadhead, Douglas J. Kirkham.

Fourteenth row: Lyle H. Robinson, John D. Lenkersdorfer, Jimmie Hughs.

Fifteenth row: Donald T. Bailey, Loren H. Grover, Roy B. Munns, J. Gordon Vaughn, John J. Buchmiller, William B. Klinger, Orvell Ray Jackson, Royal J. Rigby, Milton Ellis Bond, H. Vard Leany.

Sixteenth row: Benjamin L. Dickison, Meade Squire, Douglas Low, Glenn Hamberlain, Earl Beecher, Dale R. Street, Daniel Jones.

Seventeenth row: Orville D. Carnahan, Gerrard B. Dankers, Jr., Herbert W. Wilkinson, Frank Chandler, Glenn B. Mecham, Glen E. Rich, Morris J. Brady.



Your Page AND OURS

"Speak the Speech"

An urgent plea has come from a patriarch that we emphasize the correct pronunciation of *patriarchal*. A little care and observance of the spelling of the word should indicate the difference between that word and *patriotic*. The word *patriarchal* derives from the word *patriarch*, which means *father*. A *patriarchal* blessing is one inspired by our Eternal Father and is delivered by the appointed patriarchs of our Church for the guidance and comfort of members of the Church. *Patriotic* refers to the feeling that is prompted by love of country.—*M. C. J.*

Fairmount, West Virginia

My very dear friends:

I received your wonderful magazine containing my beloved son's poem, "'lection time." It made me very proud to see his name listed with the others. Many thanks.

I am reading The Improvement Era regularly as it contains so many encouraging and beautiful truths, you surely have gone a long way and accomplished much. May the good work go on.

Faithfully a friend to the cause.

/s/ Mary S. Cartright

Denver, Colorado

From a letter written by Vontella H. B. Kimball

December 5, I head toward Denver via Salt Lake City, where resides the major part of my far-flung family. So many relatives in Utah . . . and I love my native state. If you have the time to see me, I am going to take the opportunity of running up and meeting you, personally. . . . I am eager to know all of you connected with this brilliant publication of ours, The Improvement Era. Congratulations to you on the splendid, superior type of work you are doing.

Gainesville, Florida

The Improvement Era

Dear Editors:

I've been telling my husband for at least a year that some day I was going to write to you and tell you how much we both enjoy the Era, and it has taken a "missing issue" to get me finally at it.

No doubt anything nice which I might say about The Improvement Era has already been said many times, and perhaps expressed better than I can do it, but this will just let you know that my husband and I are two more of the many, many readers who feel that it is a very fine magazine in every way. More power to the contributors and all others connected with it. Together we read one article from it nearly every night, and in this way we read just about everything in the magazine. My own particular favorite articles are those written by Mary Brentnall (which seems to be missing from the October issue.)

Sincerely yours,

Harriet Pearson
(Mrs. Albert M. Pearson)

ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

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615 "F" St., Marysville, Calif.
1594 So. Beretania St., Honolulu, T.H.

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Red Tape

A busy man forgot to file his income tax return until a few days after the deadline.

"I just forgot," he wrote. "I have no excuse. I am enclosing an additional five percent for the fine."

He received an official letter from the government asking would he be good enough to fill out and return the enclosed form, stating his reasons for his delinquency, and have it notarized.

"No excuse," he wrote back. "Have paid fine."

A few days later he received a letter: "No excuse," it said, "is not an excuse. Please file notarized affidavit testifying that you had no excuse."

* * * * *

Success is built on small margins. The fastest runner in the world isn't more than five percent faster than scores of ordinary runners. The difference between a great race horse and a good race horse is only a few seconds. No man can be successful for more than a minute in which he completes a successful job; and the minute the applause dies down, the world says, "Let's see you do it again—and better."

* * * * *

A good way to construct a speech is to use the outline which has been described as a Negro preacher's secret. The Negro was asked how he preached a sermon. He replied: "First I tell 'em what I'm going to tell 'em. Then I tells 'em. Then I tell 'em what I done tol' 'em."



THREE G COUNCIL

Scouts of Pima, Arizona

Five Scouts and one Scouter received Eagle awards recently at the Court of Honor held in Pima Ward, St. Joseph Stake.

The Scouts are left to right, top row: Ernest Griffin, Troop 19, Thatcher, Arizona; Reece Jarvis, Troop 29, Pima, Arizona; and Clarence McBride, Troop 29, Pima, Arizona.

Bottom row: Keith Crockett, Troop 29, Pima, Arizona; Scouter L. E. Patterson, District Commissioner, Pima, Arizona; and Bruce Harless, Troop 19, Thatcher, Arizona.

Submitted by Albert O. Quist
Scout Executive

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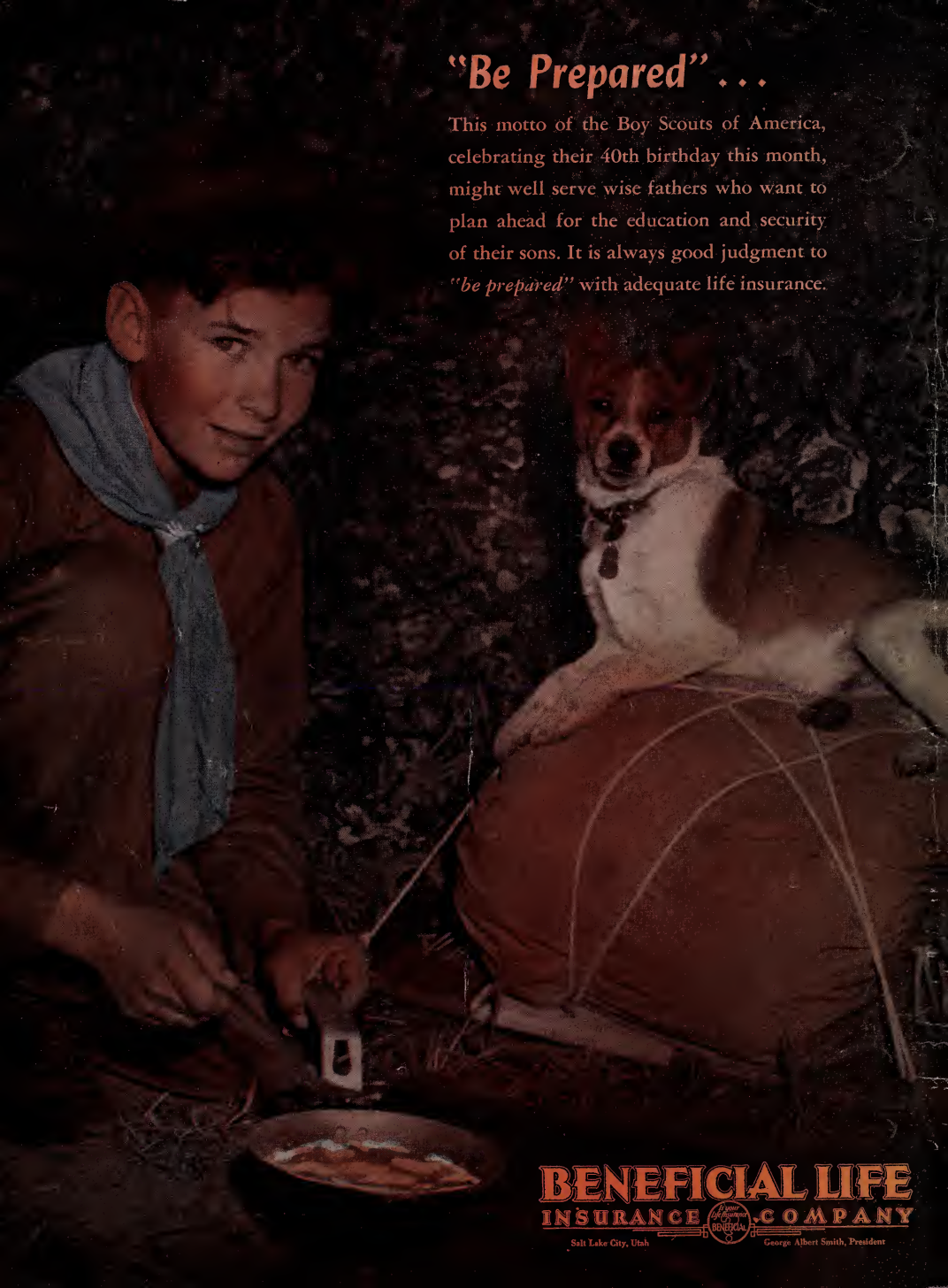
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This motto of the Boy Scouts of America, celebrating their 40th birthday this month, might well serve wise fathers who want to plan ahead for the education and security of their sons. It is always good judgment to *"be prepared"* with adequate life insurance.

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